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COLLEGE,
UDAIPUR.

Class No

Book No

PASSING THROUGH GERMANY

8th EDITION

1931

B E R L I N

T E R R A M A R E O F F I C E

Printed in Germany

Published by the Terramare Office, Wilhelm Strasse 23, Berlin SW 48
Printed by the Terramare Presse, Dresdener Strasse 43, Berlin S 14

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CLOUDS OVER GERMANY

*Thy mercy, o Lord, is in the heavens;
and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds*
Psalm 36 (5)

MANIFOLD are the aspects of the German landscape, manifold the clouds that sweep over it. They form an essential factor of the landscape, whether they be the dark storm clouds that roll over the tempestuous North Sea, the towering cumulous masses over the wooded shores of the Baltic, a feathery mackerel sky over the wide spaces of the Eastern plains or the white shimmering cirrus clouds that proclaim good weather circling at midday round the snowy mountain tops. The mist plays its ghostly part in determining the face of the landscape—the light morning veils which the mountain valley draws across its face, the incredible ragged purple robes that sweep in thunder weather across the mountain lakes, or



the strange tablelands of fog that float over the marshy meadows of the plains.

But the atmosphere influences not only the face of the landscape, but also the face of man. Every climate has the people it deserves.

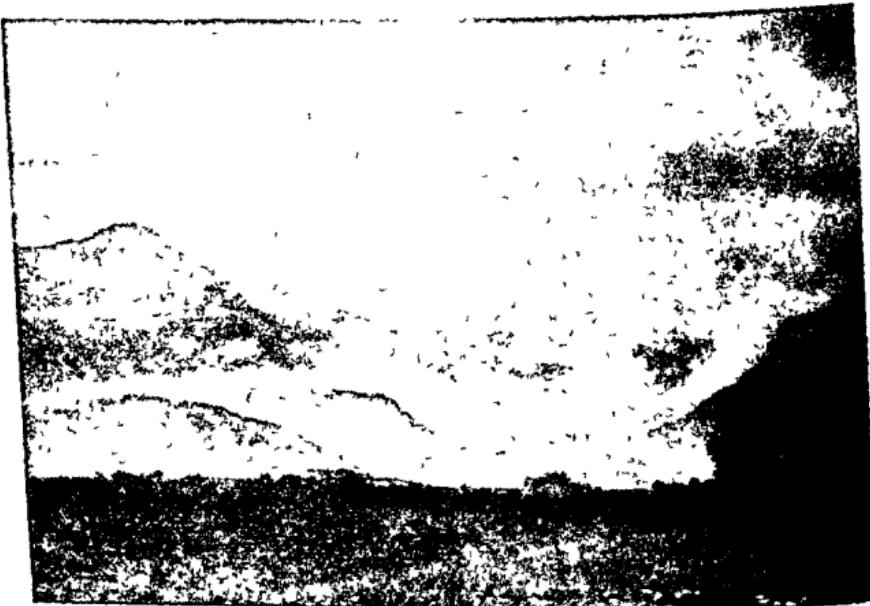
Germany lies embedded between a continental and an oceanic climate, it is a climatic buffer between the Atlantic and the moist, warm breath of the Gulf Stream



Titisee, Black Forest

and the endless reaches of the Russian steppes. The gigantic barrier of the Alps keeps off the hot winds of the Mediterranean, but for a few gaps, and the temperate Baltic rolls between Germany and the bitter winter of the Arctic Ocean. Thus the country has a milder and more temperate climate than corresponding latitudes in America. The prevailing direction of climatic (and cultural) tension in Germany is not north and south but east and west. But this general settlement of Germany's weather frontiers is not the end of the matter. There are numerous varieties of climatic province, determined by the rich diversity of woods, rivers, hills and plains. This is the cause of the constant atmospheric play of tension and compensation, which expresses itself in the infinite variety of cloud forms.

The same state of affairs prevails in the intellectual demesne. Foreigners often tell us that they find it refreshing to pay a visit to Germany from time to time, to recuperate in an intellectual atmosphere which is always



In the Bavarian Mountains

in a most lively state of tension, full of bustle and activity, and we may well conclude that there are certain causal connections between climate and intellect.

As a matter of fact, scarcely anyone is more sensitive to atmospheric conditions than the German; he is a true child of his skies. Climate and conditions have brought him into curiously intimate relationship to nature in all its aspects. This closeness to Nature is apparent even in old German mythology where the part played by natural phenomena is most obvious. Thor, the Thunderer, drives the Cattle of the Clouds before him and hail comes rattling to earth from the hoofs of the charger of Odin, the Storm-god and the manes of the Valkyries' steeds. The way the Germans took hold of primitive Indo-Germanic myths and re-formed them is clear proof of their need for a still more complete personification of nature. Every phase of the weather and the seasons has its meed of legend and folk-tale. German thought and phantasy



Lüneburg Heatherlands

have always loved to centre about the ever-changing clouds, countless poems celebrate their mystic being, their mysterious origin, and their magical passing, eyes full of longing and wonder follow their flight into infinite space and it is no mere chance that the "Birds of Passage," the *Wandervoegel*, the league of wandering youth, came into being in the land of flying clouds.

It is worthy of note that Goethe also took a great interest in the weather, as his meteorological diaries prove and his "*Versuch einer Witterungslehre*." He not only saw the clouds as an essential factor in the landscape, but also regarded their flight and disappearance as symbolical of various states of the soul, as a mirror of the eternal recurrence and the eternal transmutation of divine being. Nature for him was not a matter to be apprehended by the intellect alone, but a revelation of the spirit. This way of looking at nature is conditioned by the skies under which he was born. When

he describes an uncertain, cloudy German springtime, or the clammy earthiness of an autumn evening—when he is carried away by the bewildering beatitude of light and air on a warm summer day—it is the specifically German nearness to nature which glows from his descriptions.

The airs of Germany produce a different feeling for one's surroundings than in more southerly countries, where the clear air gives a sharp outline to everything. Misty outlines lend distance, the veiled depths of the landscape lead to that introspectiveness which is characteristic of the Central European. The problem of space, the question as to its nature, did not exist at all for the world of the ancients. It is a region of individual objects, each firm and self-centred. It is the especial importance of German landscape painting, in which we naturally include the Low German and the Dutch schools, that they discovered the all-powerful sense of space which "absorbed into itself the substance of things." The representation of landscape for its own sake is foreign, for instance, to the Italians. The landscape in their pictures is more or less a mere decorative background against which the figures of trees, houses or people stand out with clearly defined outlines. There is the exception of the few Venetian painters who loved landscape for its own sake, but this merely goes to prove our rule, for here the artists' vision has been influenced by a water-charged atmosphere similar to that of low-lying regions of Germany. The painters of what we have ventured to call the great Germanic cultural region regard all bodies merely as torchbearers of light for the purpose of deepening space. All these artists are worshippers of light. Their pictures are full of moving cloud before great brightnesses, of glimmering chiaroscuro. The contours are vague, disembodied, in order



GOD'S ALPINE WONDERLAND

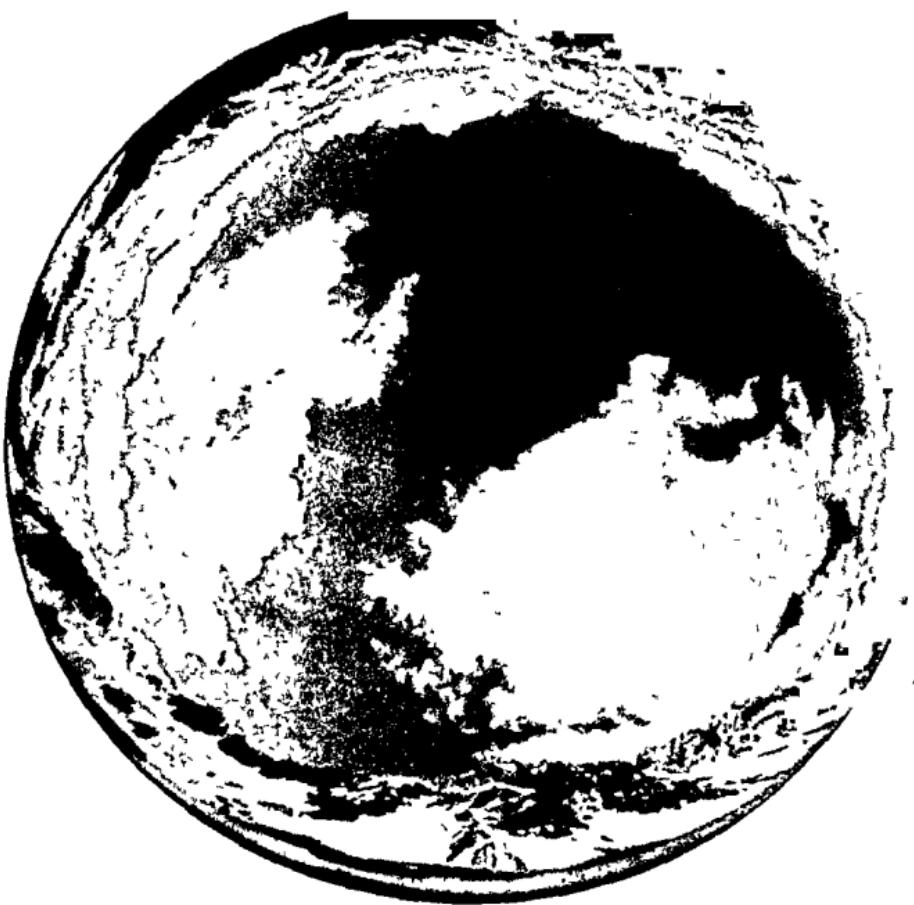
that the feeling of space may be engendered, and even in the case of Durer, with his great clarity of line, it is not a question of emphasizing the contours of his etchings and wood-cuts. His flow of line follows laws of its own and a rhythmic basic motive gradually inflames the whole surrounding atmosphere and spreads itself over the whole picture like a gathering storm-cloud.

It is obvious that such absorption in the atmosphere, such attempts to disembody and dissolve in rhythmic movement must predestinate the German to music. Indeed, Bach, Beethoven and Wagner created worlds of sound which gather and dissipate, crowd and overshadow one another like atmospheric forms. They paint the far-off perspectives in glimmering chiaroscuro like the masters of the brush, they have their moving clouds, in short, the infinite landscape in glowing panorama of sound.

The German cathedrals were born of the same spirit, cathedrals which are not self-contained, physical greatness rounded upon itself, like the works of classic antiquity or Italian architecture. The works of the so-called "German Gothic" or the South German baroque reveal plainly enough that they are born of the same spirit. The Gothic towers of Freiburg, Ulm and Cologne strive in passionate yearning into the ethereal heights, and the finely branched tracery of their spires radiates into the heavens. The South German baroque on the contrary, spreads the breadth of the church, and rounds out its walls and ceilings in cloudy spaciousness, richly painted in the blues and golden browns of the skies outside.

We started a climatic review of Germany and have ended by attempting to define the German spirit (a dangerous attempt in such confined space) and that perhaps is also the fault of the driving clouds, the misty, ghostly clouds over Germany.

Werner Fiedler



Landscape near St Anton in Tyrol, taken by the English optician Robin Hill with a horizon camera, constructed like a fish's eye, which has a picture angle of 180°



I saw the sky most strangely rent
Between a dim and a bright side.
All darkness in one mass was spent
And then there was a light side.

The whole part lying to the north
With dull gray clouds was covered,
While clear the southern part shone forth,
Where a delicate azure hovered

The sun stood high on the sharp divide
Of gray and blue—his brightness
Half hidden on the cloudy side,
Half visible in the lightness.

Now will he sail into the blue,
Or in the grayness vanish?
Or will his glorious rays break through,
Even the gray to banish?

*From "May Songs" by Friedrich Rückert
English by Margarete Münterberg*

THUNDERSTORM

TO-DAY it was hotter than ever; as late as seven o'clock in the evening, the sun burned with such intensity that it was hard to conceive a world of stars and glow-worms two hours later.

Dusk arrives but still the desert-like stupor of the air persists; glow-worms glimmer in the thickets like little starry fires kindled by the bidding impulses of life.

Afar-off thundery voices begin to mumble at the heat. That huge white mountain of cloud, which throughout the long, bright afternoon was piled up behind the blue saddle of the hill, was no mere scenery; it evidently meant business with us.

For now it has swollen high into the dusky empyrean and begins to engage the stars of the zenith.

Flickers of lightning discover dark shapes looming upon its pale backgrounds and paler figures lying hid in its brewing darkness.

The muffled rolling of the thunder grows more menacing and endows the moaning trees with expectancy. The lowing of a bull from the pastures sounds insignificant, tame.

The flashes spread out on the horizon; the whole sky-field is now subject to pulsing spasms of light which attack in amazing fevered rushes. In between, fiery jewels glow down abysses of cloud. The head-lamp of a car, with a cracked-glass, searches with its beam the walls of heaven; along the hem of the plain oblique trees of lightning are shooting up. Often the lightning twitches seven times a minute along the same vein.

From far on high, from the Milky Way the cry of some unknown bird is heard; although invisible it must be a biggish bird that repeats its cry of agitated warning from different stations of the sky.

A brilliant cape of pink, violet, green, is now flung across the sky, extinguishing all the stars save those of the Great Bear which continue to twinkle in the pinkness; for a second the glow-worms are turned to grey moths and many other nocturnal insects are discovered in the brilliance.

The first great clap of thunder falls like the enunciation of some cloudy giant; droning annunciations of the grandeur of space tumble about our heads. Slowly thick bulges of cloud oppress the Milky Way.

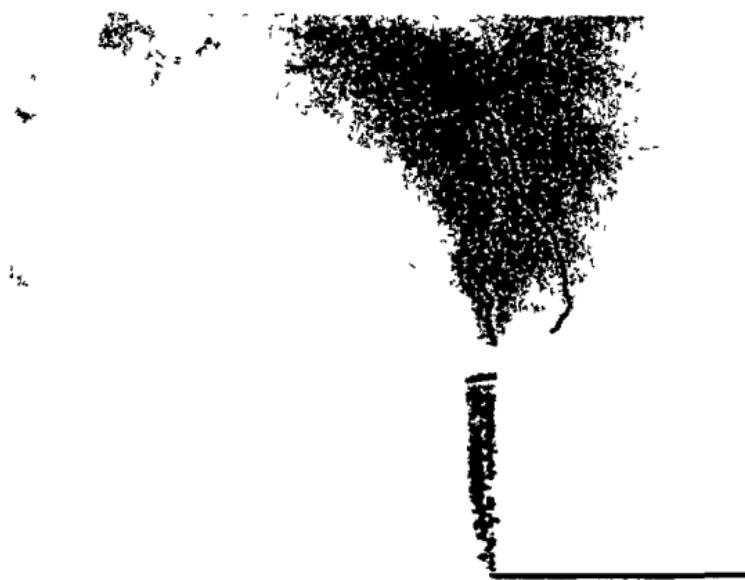
There is thunder in the world. See how the flashes engage in bustling ceremony above the clouds, casting aside their greetings of: "Behold how mightily we dispel ourselves!"

The rain seems to attend the cue of the thunder. Big drops glister in the lightning and fall splashingly on the trembling leafage. The tattoo of smaller rain draws nearer and drowns the complaint of the trees.

The desert stupor of the air stirs with draughts of marine air. The lightning flashes continuously and thunder booms sans intermission; it becomes impossible to tell which stroke of lightning belongs to which peal of thunder.

A stroke of lightning following a brief moment of silent darkness, seems to rip the awning of heaven from the furthest hook downwards, to shock eye and ear to their secret core, to cause the thunder to echo in the chest.

What did I see in those fierce-lit seconds? Distant mountains ranged tranquil blue upon yet paler blue as if by clearest noon; above a wood, a violet wreath of cloud was suspended whilst distant figures of large trees loom-



ed deep green against golden backgrounds that flamed as if with sunset; where the eye had hitherto seen but grey masses of cloud, new kingdoms of space lay scoured with lightning.

In the mirror of the lake there were cirrus clouds and gold-edged thunderclouds, Foamy-fringed waters reflected viridian green grass, cornfields, pines and red houses.

In the valley the illuminated dragon which betokened the punctually arriving express, was extinguished to reappear as by daylight with rain-wet roof and white smoke-pennon.

In the midst of all these seething, flame-filled tumults, the order of human invention inserts its claim to utilise ever more secret and powerful sources of energy.

Hollow claps of thunder tumble in the great unceasing uproar, and lightning shatters again and again the night's downpour.

Against the now invading currents of ambrosian air a last bank of rank, carboniferous heaviness makes defence.



Rattenberg, Tyrol

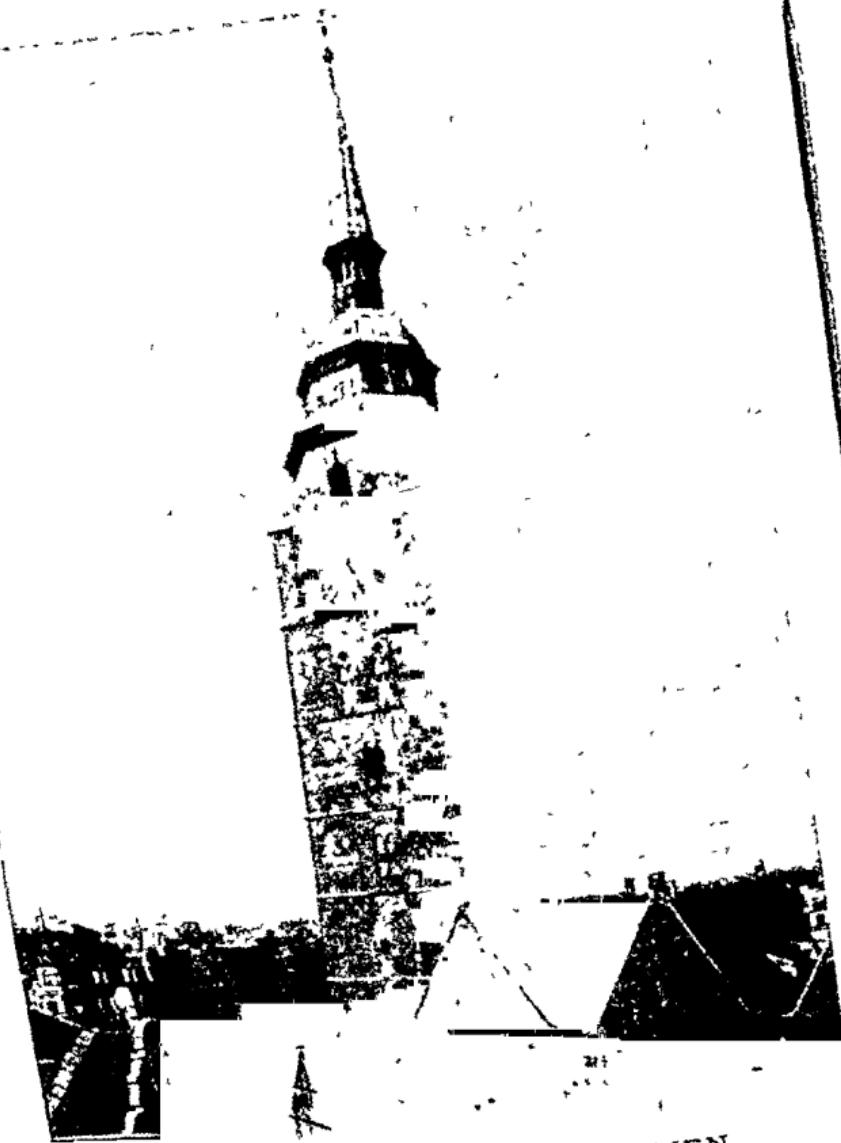
Storm-tossed, rain-threshed treetops relish the after-storm freshness though still swept round with thunder and lightning.

The great upheaval of nature seems to pass away in a savage indulgence both in an infinite release and an infinite inhalation of energy.



Church at Leiblfing near Zirl, Tyrol

Little white fingers point to heaven from sunny hill-tops in Tyrol—little churches, brave, within with Baroque colour and gold, standing fast in snow and shine.



ST ANSGARI'S CHURCH, BREMEN



BREMEN

THE CITY OF WINDS AND CLOUDS

BREMEN, the old city of the Hansa on the banks of the river Weser, sorely tried by fate and always rising anew to power and riches, is a city of winds and clouds. Rainy skies lower over North Germany's low-lying plains, one's lips taste of the salt that the sea-breeze carries far inland; flood tides rise to the very walls and ebb and flow give rhythm and measure to the life of the old port. "Merchant's treasure is at the tide's pleasure" says the Hanseatic proverb. Only that which changes endures, only he who suffers the ebb-tides of life with stubbornly gritted teeth is carried on the flood-tide to a newer, more prosperous voyage.

Mountainous clouds drive over marsh and heath between the Elbe and the Weser and give spaciousness and charm to the flat lands with their monotonous colouring; when the eye can sweep unhindered over the plains and see the curvature of the bowl of heaven, then the clouds seem to grow up out of the earth itself, they become one with the landscape, from which they wipe out the colour, only to paint it again anew. The sun sends pointed lances of light through the cloud masses, hailed



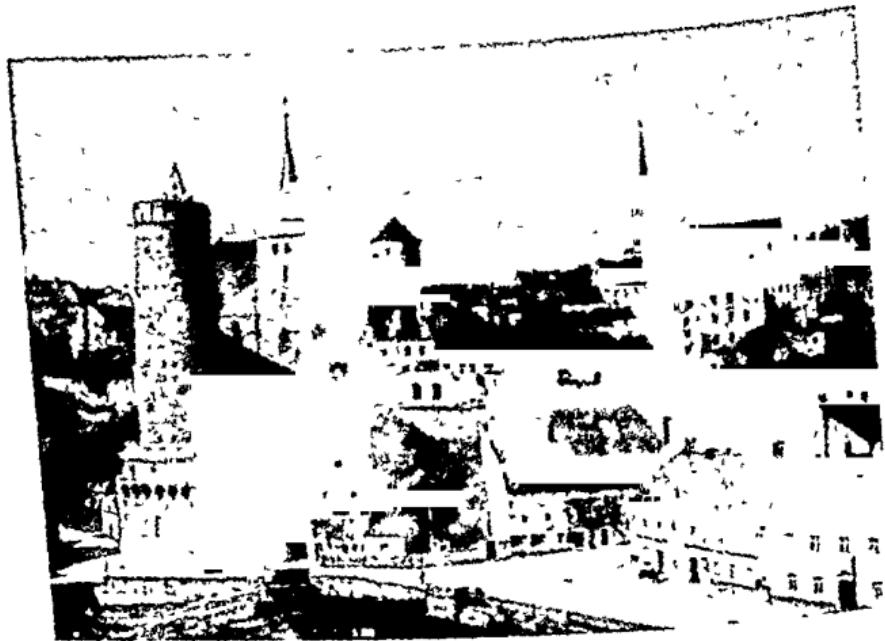
joyously by the hardy Northerner who, ever since the gray days of old, has set the cult of light in the centre of all human existence. The seasons of the year are like the tides, a hallowed symbol of human life, and the merriest festivals are bound up with the lengthening day of summer, the receding night of winter. The storms that sweep over the flat coast-lands blow with another breath than the Föhn, the warm wind that heralds the spring over the Alpine peaks. He who has once felt the winds whistling over the brown heathlands to herald the coming thunderstorm, who has once stood by the protecting dyke to watch the onslaught of angry seas, whipped into the rivers by the wild Northwester—he has learned to love and to fear the savage melody. When the wind whistles o' nights round the gables of the old city, many a white-haired ancient sends up the silent prayer which comes most easily to the lips of the coast-dwellers. God save all poor souls at sea! Clouds and winds buffet a hardy and rugged race of men. The man of the German north is deliberate in word and deed. Clouds and winds point his way across the seas and accompany the bold voyager; and although there be many that never come back of those that go down to the sea in ships "Shipping there must be—*Navigare necessare est*", says the man of Bremen and to keep alive is not the end and aim of life.

Johann N. Müllershausen



St. Mary's Church and Cathedral
LÜBECK

TOWER after tower rises along the Baltic coast to witness to Germany's happy past in the days of the Hanseatic League. Mightiest and highest soars the sword-like spire of St. Mary of Lubeck. Like the people over whom they ward, these towers are sober and solemn, but full of energy to storm the heavens.



BAUTZEN THE CITY OF MANY BELLS

NO matter from which side the traveller may approach the old city of "Budissin", his first impression will be the many towers that rise up above the massive walls that were once the fortifications. These towers give the city its peculiar character, and individual as each one is, they impart a rhythm and a unity to the beautiful little town which cause it to deserve its name of "Little Nuremberg."

The traveller has not been long in Bautzen before he makes the pleasing discovery that these towers are anything but dumb witnesses of olden time; many of them let their iron tongues be heard as bravely as ever. No fewer than 128 strokes boom out the midday and the midnight hour and four sets of church chimes proclaim fateful events in the citizens' lives. In three towers the bells are still sounded at all hours of day and night by human bellringers, neither artfully constructed striking clocks and bell-ringing apparatus, nor any other automatic arrangements for reporting accidents and fires have been able to do away with the old tower watchmen. They are a bit of

poetry left over from more easygoing days and it is to be hoped that they will never be abolished.

There is no doubt that its bells mean a great deal to a town. Societies for the protection of native beauties and ancient monuments do a great deal to preserve lifeless things to please the eye; but bells move the heart as well as causing walls to tremble. Schiller in his most famous poem likened all human life to the bell. The present author has often raised the contention that the choice of new bells for a town is as important as the erection of buildings or the preservation of beautiful spots, matters which the Society for the Protection of National Beauty Spots has long since taken under its wing.

The town of Bautzen is a particularly rich example of this theory, that we not only see a city, but also hear its characteristic note in the clamour of its bells

The first to sound the new hour is the Town hall clock, followed by those on the Lauenturm and the Reichenturm, two mighty towers forming part of the old fortifications, the last to be heard is the tower of St. Peter's cathedral. This order of things has been adhered to for hundreds of years. The smallest bell must begin, the largest close the symphony. There is nothing remarkable about this, it would appear. The astonishing and fascinating thing is the musical result. The four hour bells in melodious thirds make a diminished triple accord with a lesser seventh. The most remarkable phenomenon, however, is that the first tone of each succeeding bell echoes the beat of the preceding one, so that a kind of intellectual thread connects the whole. Unfortunately certain alterations have been made since the war which distort this harmony.



Many church chimes which have been most carefully arranged do not chime together so delightfully as these harmonies created by pure accident. Or is it possible that a deep design was at work, two or three hundred years ago? If anyone was charged to-day with the task of seeking out the strike for these four towers in various parts of the town, it is scarcely likely that he would think of arranging a melody in such thirds.

How extraordinarily effective the bells are is especially noticeable when they ring alarm, as in a case of fire. When Petri tower and Lauen tower in deep heavy beats sound their diminished fifth in A and E flat, one is unconsciously reminded of Schiller's "Do you hear it lamenting high up in the tower?" Then comes, threatening and alarming, the C of the Reichen tower, which makes the beats seem quicker and more excited.

In many a summer night I have stood and listened fascinated to these waves of sound. Such an audible picture of a town ought to convince hearers that bells are worthy of state protection. I have often suggested that churches whose bells are mutually audible should be connected according to musical laws. Up to the time of the confiscation of her ancient bells, Bautzen was an example of what can be done in this respect. There was such a rich variety of church bells to choose from that when properly ordered and timed it was possible to carry out a real modulation in E sharp, returning upon itself, that is to say, an eternal melody.

In thickly-populated Saxony, I have often travelled in districts where the church towers are so near together that a musical harmony would not only be possible but eminently desirable, since no city noises would interfere with the effect. In a wide valley of the Oberlausitz there are nearly a dozen villages with their churches close together and acoustically favoured by surrounding hills; on a quiet evening at a favourable standpoint nearly all the bells can be heard at the same time. Suppose the chimes were arranged somewhat on musical principles, in succeeding modulations and divided into groups—with such an orchestra a concert could be performed on high church festivals which would turn all nature to a great Divine temple for the reverent wanderer through woods and fields.



View of the Town
after a 17th Century Engraving

THE STORY OF BRESLAU'S TOWERS

ALL old towns have a face of their own. Their changing history is written there, the prosperity of their citizens in past centuries, and their taste in art. He who wanders through old German towns with his eyes open will find them full of living history—as in Breslau, a city full of memories of the past. From the Liebichshöhe, which rises out of circling promenades in the very midst of the town, and especially from the Aussichtsturm or tower that crowns it, there is a splendid view of the beautiful old town of Breslau, which is more charming than many another far more famous town. The eye is especially caught by the multitude of church spires in the Old Town, each with a note of its own and with much to tell of its troubled history in the course of the centuries. It is no wonder that there are many legends connected with these towers. We must mention a few, which have been immortalized in verse.

The mighty tower of the church of St. Elizabeth is the scene of such a legend. It is said that in the Middle Ages the dead used to rise from their graves around the church at the ghostly hour of midnight and enjoy a skeleton dance, after laying aside

their shrouds. One night the watchman, looking on from his chamber high up in the tower, thought it a good joke to take away one of the shrouds. He succeeded in grasping one unperceived, but its owner followed him. He slammed the door of the tower in its face and thought himself safe, but to his horror the ghost began to climb the outside wall. Goethe himself did not disdain to immortalize this legend in the ballad "The Dance of Death", the last two verses of which run as follows:

The shroud he must capture, he dares not to pause,
There's no time for lazing and shambling.

He grabs at the fretwork of stone with his claws
And from ledge to ledge upward goes scrambling.
The watchman, poor fellow, he feels that he's gone,
From turret to turret the creature comes on.
And looks like a long-legged spider

The watchman grows paler, he trembles with fright,
He'd give back the shroud now, how gladly!
He throws it—his heart in his mouth at the sight,
For it catches a point, catches badly
But the moonlight grows pallid, the night is half done,
The great bell comes booming its thunderous "One!"
And the skeleton crashes to pieces

To-day the Elizabeth tower is 270 feet high, but it was once 400 feet in height. Like many another tower in Frankenstein in Silesia, it gradually began to lean, and on a stormy night, the 24th of February, 1529, it fell in, the whole spire down to the base of the tower. Strangely enough, the only victim of the accident was a cat. On the south wall of the church under the tower there is a picture in relief to commemorate the event, showing the falling spire being carried carefully to the ground by angels.

The church of St. Mary Magdalene, the sister church of St. Elizabeth, also has its legend, a very well-known one, the "Bell-casting in Breslau" by Wilhelm Muller:

War einst ein Glockengießer	There was of bells a founder
Zu Breslau in der Stadt,	In ancient Breslau town,
Ein ehrenwerter Meister,	He was a worthy master,
Gewandt in Rat und Tat.	Of credit and renown.

Thus the story begins and goes on to relate how the Master-founder watched over the melting of the metal for casting the bell, but just before all was ready he summoned his apprentice to keep watch over the cauldron, he must go and drink a goblet



of wine to keep up his strength before finishing the masterpiece. He warned the boy not to touch the tap of the cauldron.

Der Bube steht am Kessel,
Schaut in die Glut hinein.
Das wogt und wallt und wirbelt
Und will entfesselt sein;

Und zischt ihm in die Ohren
Und zuckt ihm durch den Sinn
Und zieht an allen Fingern
Ihn nach dem Hahne hin;

Er fühlt ihn in den Händen,
Er hat ihn umgedreht;
Da wird ihm angst und bange,
Er weiss nicht, was er tät,

Und läuft hinaus zum Meister,
Die Schuld ihm zu gestehn.
Will seine Knie' umfassen
Und ihn um Gnade flehn.

The boy stood by the cauldron,
Stared in the flaming sea
That seethed and swelled and simmered
And clamoured to be free. [ed

And hammered at his senses,
Rose hissing at his ear
And caught and drew his fingers
Nearer the tap—too near—

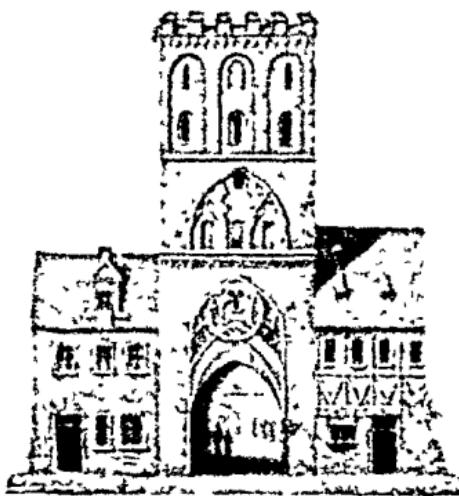
Till in his hand he held it,
The handle turned and spun—
And terror fell upon him:
What mischief had he done?

He ran to find the master,
To own the hasty deed,
Fell on his knees before him,
For pardon there to plead



St. Elizabeth's Church, Breslau

But the master was beside himself with rage, ran his knife into the boy's bosom and rushed to the cauldron to see if anything could still be done; but the casting was complete, and—a masterly piece of work. Struck with remorse, he turned to the apprentice, but the boy lay dead. The master gave

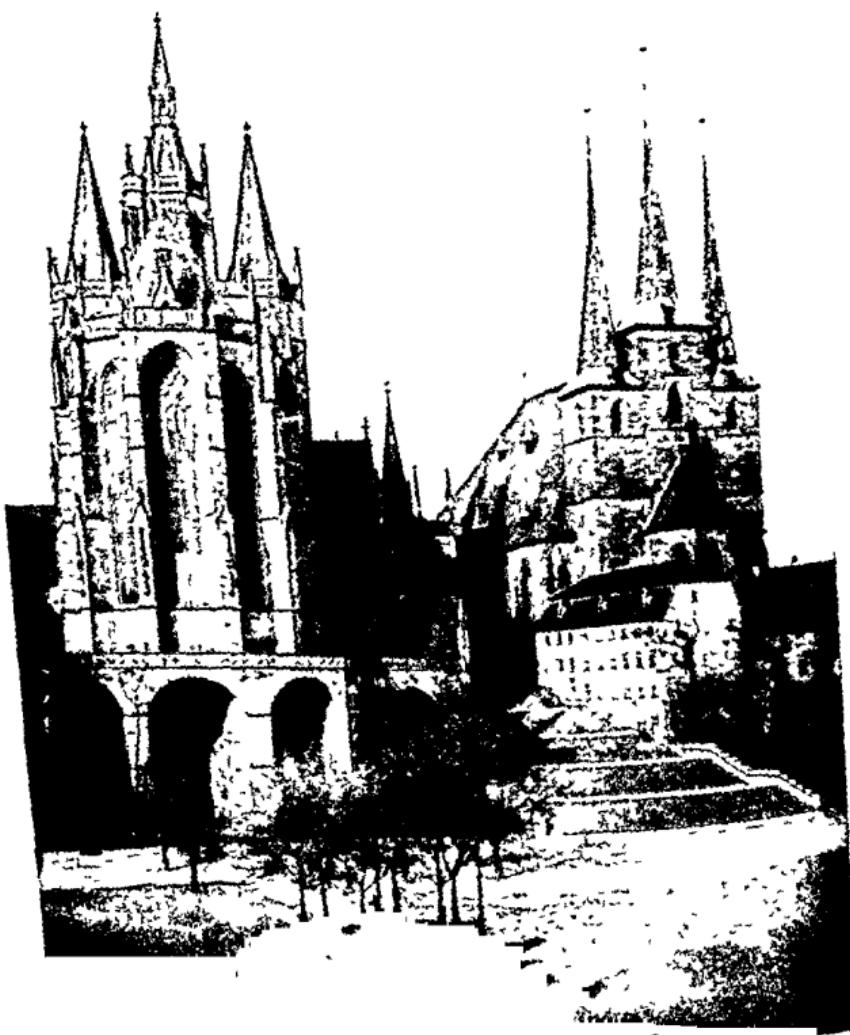


Schweidnitz Gate, Breslau
After a Drawing from the Year 1824, by H. Mützel

himself up and was sentenced to be hanged. As a last boon he begged that his new bell might sound his death peal. The bell hangs to-day in the South tower of the church, and has been known since that day as the Poor Sinners' Bell.

It is said of the great bell of the cathedral that it begins to ring of its own accord whenever a canon dies. Once a canon broke his vows and was about to fly with a young noblewoman of the house of von Greifenstein, when the midnight bell began to ring and he saw his own funeral procession passing by, whereupon he was so filled with horror that he dropped down dead. — On the gable over the main portal of the church of the Holy Cross, a jackdaw is carved. This bird is also connected with a legend. Two cathedral schoolboys once attempted to rob the jackdaws' nests under the roof. One held a plank out of a window and the other climbed out of the church and reached up for the young birds. He filled his pockets with seven nestlings, when his companion demanded the lion's share. The robber refused to give them up, whereupon the other let go of the plank and the boy fell through space. As he was wearing the wide circular cloak prescribed for all cathedral scholars, the wind inflated this and he floated unhurt to the ground.

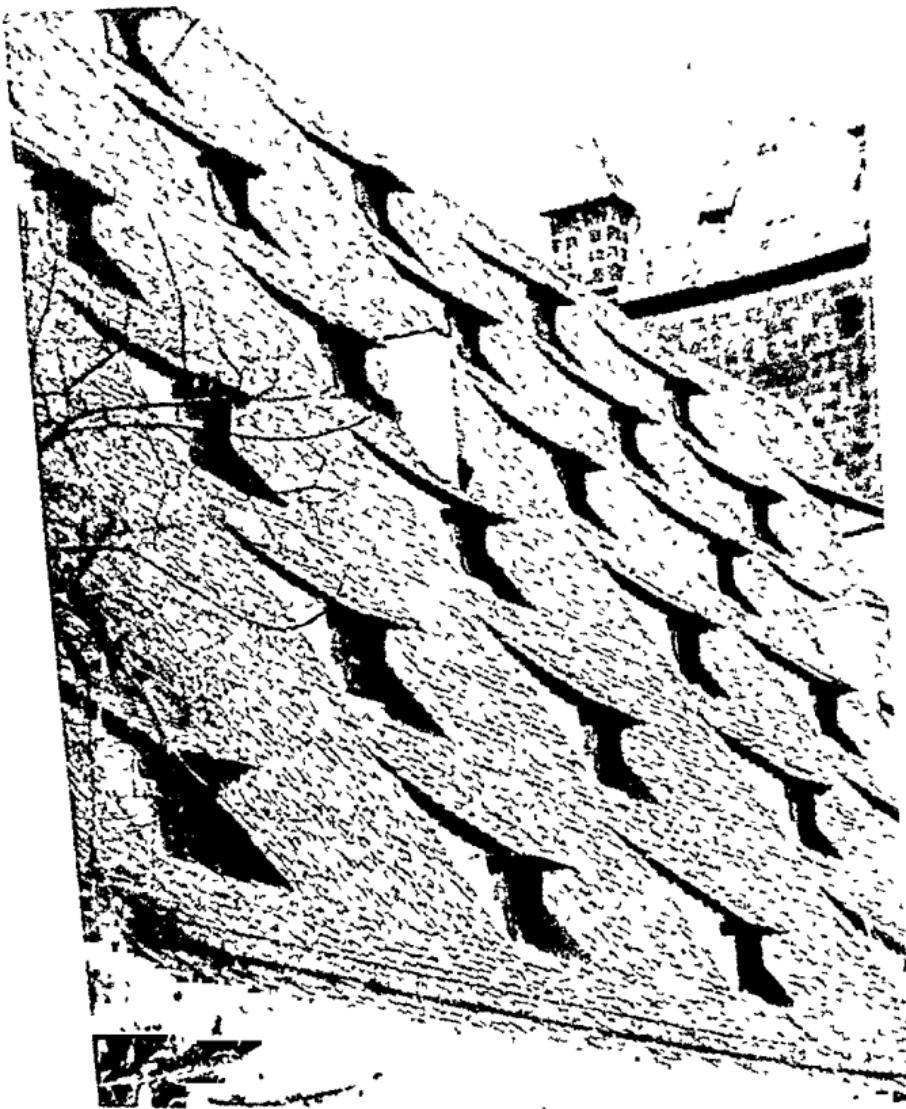
So the legends gather thick about the towers and the old town.



ERFURT. CATHEDRAL AND SEVERI CHURCH



NAUMBURG CATHEDRAL



ROOF OF THE IMPERIAL STABLES, NUREMBERG

THE VESTNER TOWER AND THE FIVE-CORNERED TOWER OF NUremberg



NUREMBERG is crowned by the hoary old imperial castle. Its picturesque contours are silhouetted against the blue sky high up above the confusion of red and grey roofs. One of the most captivating details of this splendid panorama is a tower that rises in the middle of the group, surprisingly graceful in outline in spite of the mighty stones of which it is fashioned.

It seems to the beholder to have grown out of the rocks of red sandstone on which it stands. It is so much a part of it that the legend arose that the tower was sunk as deep in the heart of the rock as it is seen to soar above it.

In a Patent of Freedom conferred on the town in 1313 by Emperor Heinrich, the Emperor called the tower "The Tower in the Middle" and warned the Nurembergers that the castle with the tower in the middle must never be estranged from the town, and whenever a king or an emperor of the Holy Roman Empire should die, it must be rendered up to the town until the new emperor be elected.

When Emperor Friedrich III later held his Imperial Council in Nuremberg, in the year 1487, he caused a great pewter horn to be made and mounted on this Vestner tower. There it was made to sound every hour by blowing a bellows, as an old chronicler informs us:

"It grumbleth like a great pipe of an organ. It is to be heard both by day and by night. It soundeth in a wise that

every man heareth it in the whole town, at one o'clock of the night watch and at two o'clock of the morning before daybreak. It hath but one voice. When the Emperor is pleased to eat, he causeth the horn to sound over the city walls so that it is heard in the remotest parts of the town. And the drummer drummeth. In such wise one summoneth the princes to table. Then came all the courtiers and attendants and carried each one his meat and drink to his hostel where he slept."

Unfortunately the same chronicler continues:

"Twelve years later on St. Margaret's day, two tower watchmen, one of them being a pin-maker, stole the great horn or organ of the Roman King."

The thieves melted down the remarkable instrument.

There were always watchmen on the Vestner Tower, whose duty was to sound their horns in the morning and in the evening and to report fires and the approach of enemies. In the troublous times of the Thirty Years' War, there were even two sharpshooters on the tower, who had to fire a warning shot in case of danger.

Since Nuremberg also owned much valuable property in the neighbourhood, the tower watchmen must also keep a look out over the land. If a village belonging to Nuremberg was attacked, two shots were fired from the tower and a flag set waving in the direction of the danger.

Until recent times, the tower still served as fire alarm station.

Opposite the Vestner tower stands the Five-cornered tower.

The tower contains an imitation of the "Great Horn of the Roman King." Townsfolk called it the "Nurnberger Trichter", the Nuremberg Funnel, and declared its use was to stuff wit and wisdom into the crops of those who had been scantily served by Nature in this respect.

The Nuremberg Funnel hangs in a museum and is much admired; perhaps it is a pity that it is not still in use, for even in the 20th century, there are lots of people who would be none the worse for a dose of it!

Erbard Bauer



REGENSBURG

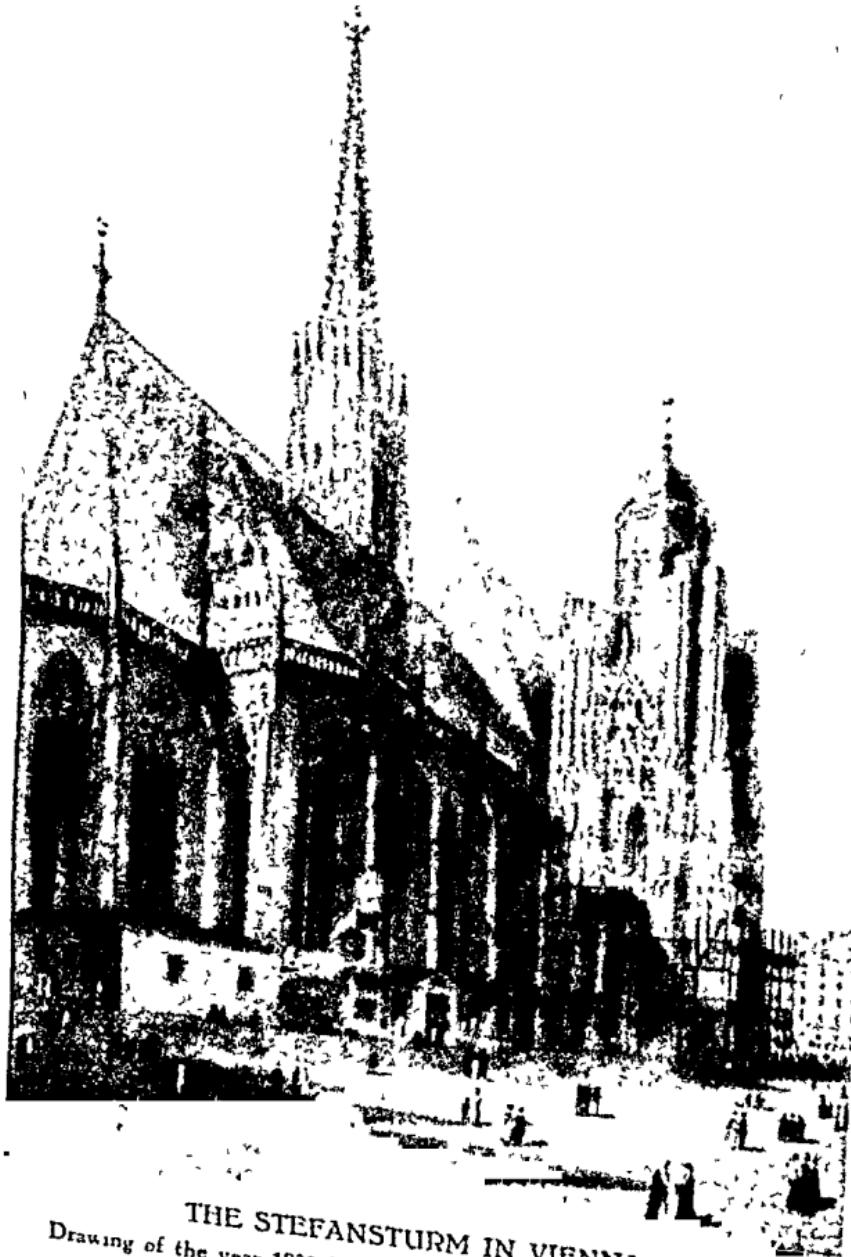
A wonder-work of German Gothic is this mighty cathedral with its tall and lacy towers.

VIENNA'S LANDMARK, THE "STEFANSTURM"

A rich store of tales and legends centres about Vienna's ancient landmark, the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral—*Der Stefansturm*. Like a slim Gothic lance-head it soars up above the confusion of steep roofs in the Old Town. Innumerable delicate traceries of Gothic figures have been forced by the genius of mediaeval sculptors to bloom out of the stubborn stone.

This is the legend of the tower. In the year of Our Lord 1429, the vintage from the hill-vineyards about Vienna was so sour and so cheap that the mortar used in building the cathedral was mixed with wine instead of water. The world-famous cathedral architect, Hanns von Prachatitz, had almost completed the first tower and the foundations of the second were already sunk deep into the earth. Then it happened that the young builder Hans Buchsbaum, no mean craftsman, lost his heart to the beautiful Maria, daughter of the proud master-architect. Von Prachatitz did not refuse his daughter's hand to the promising young artist, but made it a condition of his consent that Buchsbaum should complete the second tower before the year was out.

The task seemed impossible and Hans Buchsbaum was on the point of despair. One night the devil appeared to him in a dream and promised to finish the tower in time if Hans Buchsbaum would vow never to utter the name of God, Jesus Christ or the Virgin Mary until all was complete. Desperate lover that he was, Hans Buchsbaum made his pact with the Devil, and from that day on the building of the tower progressed with magical swiftness. The Viennese were dumb with wonder at the magic growth of the tower. The slim spire shot up and was about to receive its final crown. Then one morning, Hans Buchsbaum stood on the scaffolding high up above the streets of old Vienna, and as he looked beneath him, he caught sight of his lady love about to enter the cathedral. He could not refrain from uttering her name with yearning, forgetting that "Maria" was also the name of the Mother of God. Immediately a shout of fiendish laughter was heard, and the devil caught hold of the unlucky architect and flung him into the abyss. No-one dared to go on with the building of the second tower and so it has remained incomplete to this day.

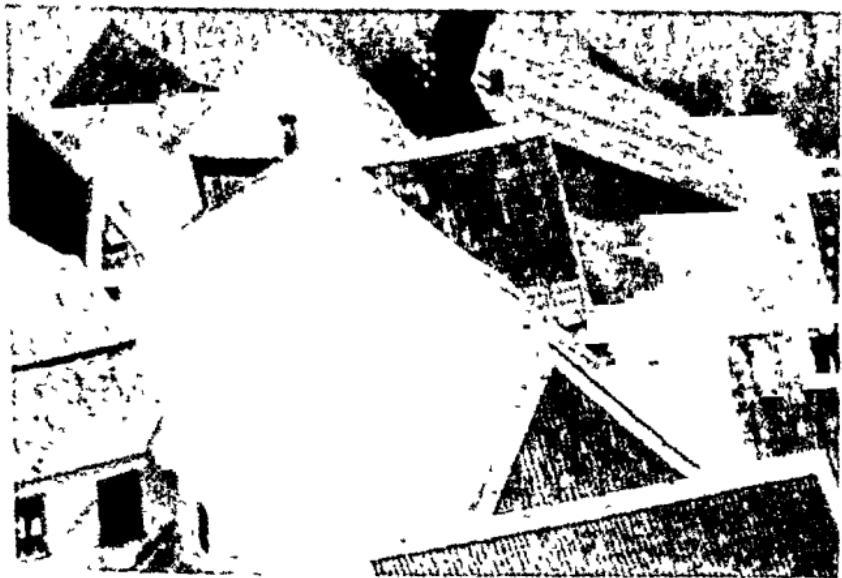


THE STEFANSTURM IN VIENNA

Drawing of the year 1820 by Captain Batty; published in the Book;
German Scenery, London 1823



GOTHIC STAIRS IN THE TOWER OF GRAZ CASTLE



Looking down on Old Frankfort's Roofs

THE ASCENT

ITS beginning is in darkness and perfumed incense and the sweet odour of many burning candles—its end is the very great sweetness of the upper airs and the free winds of heaven. It stands as a man should stand, planted firmly on the earth with its head towards the clouds. In its middle are the bells that accompany the great occasions of man, proclaiming the births and deaths of kings and the great ones of the nation. A brown and bearded monk sits in a sunny embrasure and collects the obolus of the tower wanderer. The winding wooden stairs are worn and the handrail polished smooth as glass by the grip of many hundred peasant hands. The stair winds on. In the first small window a large round object on a pivot obstructs the light—a great ball of wood, half blue, half yellow, cracked and fissured with sun and rain—it is the moon, faithfully turned a little every day to show its phases to the passer-by below. Now comes the great bell. If you climb at noon, beware of your ears



Gargoyles on Naumburg Cathedral

when its great, booming voice begins to thunder through the narrow space. The dark stair grows more precipitous and opens at last upon a little round room—that is the

blue domed head that shows for so many a mile above the woods—north, south, east and west are windows to the world—a green and pleasant world where the sun hangs over the dusky woods—but over the blue lake creeps a giant purple shadow—a thunder cloud with ragged edges is sweeping across from the mountains—the waters turn to ink and froth, white sails seek shelter, a wild wind shrieks round the tower—down, let us descend into the kindly sheltering dusk where the Miracle Madonna with flying skirts of gold stands upon clouds and the moon and proudly holds the Child whose little hands are stretched in blessing.

The tower as benediction—the tower on the landscape—but there are other towers, proud towers of cathedrals, towers of aspiration, terrible in their vastness, towers which spurn the earth. But the earth has her revenge upon the builder and causes him to delay his way to God with grotesque contorted creatures looking earthward and scurrite fancies in stone. And when one has dared the tower's heights and climbed to the very soaring pinnacle, one's head in the clouds almost, and looked through the wondrous wilderness and fretted lace of stone upon the puppet people going about a tiny toy market-place—then the earth asserts her mastery and wills her subject to fling himself down to her—and when he resists her strong urging with a cramping of hands, upon the skyey parapet, she sends up another vision to mock him—. Upon a tower he stands, a little lower than the lowest cloud, and already the human lives beneath him seem like puppets spilled from a child's toy-box—how much more small and insignificant shall they not seem to the Gazer from infinite heights? So the inspiration of the tower becomes its own mockery and the fall of the tower of Babel is not a legend but a symbol.

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer



THE FREIBURG MINSTER TOWER
breathes the very spirit of Gothic architecture. It is the Invisible made
Visible the symbol of perfection hewn in the divine speech of stone

THE TOWER CHAMBER IN THE FREIBURG MINSTER TOWER

MEDIAEVAL Freiburg was surrounded by a double wreath of massive walls in which a number of stately gate-towers were set. In the 14th century there were sixteen, among them the upper or Swabian Gate, the lower or St. Martin's Gate, the Preacher's Gate, the Monks' Gate, the Snail's Gate, the School Gate and Peter's Gate. To-day only the Swabian Gate und Martin's Gate are still standing as well as a rebuilt fragment of the Breisach Gate, which was erected later. As a rule each of the gate-towers had its appointed watchman, whose duty was to raise the drawbridge and close the doors in the evening and open them again in the morning. From his gate-room he watched over the traffic by horse, foot and waggon, and collected the dues in a sealed box which was opened every week and its contents counted by one of the members of the Town Council. In times of trouble special watchmen were put on duty in the upper chambers of the towers. They were usually members of one or other of the guilds, and had to keep watch over all that went on outside the town walls and make reports to the City Council or to the Master of the Guilds.

The most important of all the Freiburg tower watchmen was always the one who ruled over the tower of the famous Gothic minster, the church of Our Lady. This tower is over 500 feet high, and the watchman's chamber is at the top of a flight of 209 steps. In reality there were two watchmen, each of whom took twelve hours' duty and took it in turns to watch by day or by night. Up to the most recent times the watchmen were allowed to have neither light nor fire, but were permitted to wear furs as a protection from the cold. In former days their duties were manifold, as we may see

from a glance at the Sworn Book in the Merchants' House in Freiburg for the year 1510. Here are some of the points of the oath of fealty sworn by every watchman, according to this ancient tome:

He swore to watch, to wait and to pry and never to leave the minster until his fellow-watchman should have arrived to relieve him. Neither by night nor by day might a woman or any other person come near him without special permission. Neither he nor any other person might have fire or light or glowing coals in the watch-room. Whenever four riders were seen approaching the town he must sound a blast upon his horn, should there be more than four he must sound three blasts. If they should be armed men or a large body of riders, he must also send word to the nearest councillor, but he durst not absent himself from the minster to do so. He must suffer nobody to climb the minster tower save those whose business it is to ring the great bell. Day and night he must keep watch that no fire break out within the walls; he must cry out aloud to give notice of a conflagration and must also sound the fire-bell. The first time he shall neglect to report a fire, whether through sleep or carelessness, it shall cost him a hand, the second time, his eyes, the third time, his head. He shall be obliged to sound each hour on his horn by day and each half-hour as well by night, later on this was altered into an obligation to ring the bell (the belfry being immediately above the watch-room). Every time he should neglect this, one Schilling and one pfennig were to be deducted from his weekly wage. At the meetings of the Council, or by special demand of one of the two Masters or of the Keeper of the Staff, the watchman must ring eight peals on the Little Council Bell. At the Bloody Assizes he must ring three peals of the Little Council Bell at command of the Schultheiss or mayor, and afterwards ring the Great Bell.



The Warden of Freiburg

He who visits the minster tower to-day for the first time has his attention called, just as mysteriously as in ancient times, to a carefully covered hole in the floor of the terrace before the Tower chamber. He is certain to ask curiously what it contains and is told "Bloated,"



Freiburg, A Peep through the Tower Windows at the Town

The unwary and sceptical visitor who picks up the cover to see for himself merely catches sight of his own astonished face reflected in a square cistern full of water. Long ago the Tower watchman used to reply to the question: "What's in there?" "Donkeys!" But when the high and mighty Town Councillors one day fell into the trap and discovered their own reflection, such disrespectful conduct was forbidden, and since that day there have only been "bloated" in the hole.

It is a strange survival of mediaevalism when, as the midday chimes are striking, a trapdoor suddenly opens in the tower and a rope comes dangling down from the very top into the entry of the Minster. The wife of the tower watchman stands waiting with a closed basket emitting steam and savoury odours. She hooks the dinner on to the dangling rope and the watchman pulls his catch through the trap-door up to his eyrie in the top of the ancient tower.

Wilhelm Fladt

"IKARUS—THE SPIRE-KEEPER OF ULM"

Preface. The following pages are taken from a book—publ. in 1911—“Der Schneider von Ulm”, by Max von Esth, author and engineer. The Tailor of Ulm, who is seen in this fragment as a dreamy youth, already possessed by the vision of flight, really lived, tailored and flew in Ulm about the year 1800. He was a premature pioneer of the coming technical age, his whole being filled with yearning to solve the problem of flight and give humanity the longed-for gift of wings. The tragic life-history of this genuine inventor is seen against the background of the almost mediæval city of Ulm. Strict order reigned in these narrow streets with their double gables in the shadow of the mighty minster tower, the laws of church and guild with ancient traditional manners and customs, costumes and festivals. Yet the breath of a new spirit began to be felt after the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. Beside the figure of the Tailor of Ulm stands his opposite pole, the Tower Watchman, type of the inventor who seeks like the old alchemists for the hidden central source of power.

TO cross the threshold of the ancient minster that, for four full centuries, had reared its stately head over the proud old city of Ulm, was to feel oneself in the grip of a mysterious presence. The silence was almost oppressive. In the tiny outer porch, the aged guardian of the sacred precincts could be seen dimly outlined in the uncertain light. And the stranger had to grope his way along a narrow, gloomy passage inside the buttressed walls of the minster tower to reach those age-worn stone steps up which devoted pilgrims had, for generations, been climbing laboriously to its lofty heights.

At first the stairway wound upwards by short zig-zag stages. After every second turn, a narrow, obliquely-cut spy-hole enabled the climber to glance down at the receding world. The pale light, struggling through, showed where the old stone flags had begun to crumble. “Did they really build so solidly after all in those ‘good old times’?” reflected the don “or has the foot-fall of centuries been so heavy?” At the first peep-hole, master and pupil noticed with a start that they were already on a level with the gables of the houses clustered snugly around the minster square.



ULM, CATHEDRAL PRIOR TO THE RESTAURATION
Drawing of the year 1620 by Captain Batty; published in the Book:
German Sceneries London 1823

But at the sixth window, a magnificent view opened itself to their astonished eyes. Young Brechtle first scanned the spire of the little Franciscan church, then peered deep, deep down into the adjoining cloister. The master smiled almost pathetically at the exultant pride of youth but reminded his charge that many a day, perhaps indeed long years must pass, before all his hopes could mature. What profound researches, what years of patient labour by devout minds had gone to hoarding those treasures of learning! How often, in years to come, would the novice need reminding that he had strayed unwittingly from the toilsome path!

Next came a sharp, perpendicular climb in utter darkness to the main tower and the gallery above the façade. From this point, a grand panorama spread itself away to the horizon. Across the jagged outline of house-tops, spires and pinnacles of the ancient town and then out beyond the city walls was seen a gently undulating series of grassy fields and rolling hills. But still more impressive to the mind of Young Brechtle was the rich gothic stonework adorning the gigantic pillars, the graceful, slender columns straining up to dizzy heights, the delicate pierced stonework foliage and luxuriant stained-glass tracery which, from below, seemed fine and fragile as lace but at such close quarters more like the naked ribs of some long-forgotten prehistoric monster.

But on! On! The summit is not yet!

Now came the narrow spiral stairway, clinging precariously to the outside of the minster tower. Round and round the ever tapering core they wound till giddiness overcame them both. Instinctively they pressed themselves as closely as possible to the inside edge of the staircase, as though clutching at the tower itself for safety. Up here, the stairs were not so worn as down below. Glimpses of the outer world grew ever more extensive and arresting. Each moment Brechtle felt more and more as though the tiny Lilliputian world under his feet were dwindling to nothingness. But all the same, he felt himself let into many a well-guarded secret. He noticed silent gardens between leaden-grey roofs, gloomy court-yards piercing the houses like well-shafts, whose very existence he had never suspected.



Once they passed a loop-hole giving them a peep into the belfry. A tangle of mighty age-blackened beams supported those silent giants under whose ponderous weight the timbers seemed to groan. Many a time, as he had been crossing the minster square, their sudden clang, bursting on his unexpectant ears had destroyed some absorbing train of thought. What if they should suddenly start to peal out now? Unconsciously the youth reached out in the darkness to grip the reassuring hand of his spiritual protector. How those booming notes that called so solemnly to divine service each Sabbath would pierce him through and through were he up here in their dreaded midst. Even a single one—even that tiny, shy little baby-bell, trying to hide itself so bashfully behind its bigger brothers—would be deafening. "No wonder" whispered the master "that it shuns notice. Its lot is to plead the cause of penitent sinners. Only yesterday its tones pealed out their solemn message of divine mercy while a condemned man trod his way to the gallows." Brechtle shuddered. But what! was it possible? Yes! really — — the tiniest bell had already begun to vibrate. The boy turned to flee in terror, not knowing

why or wither. The place was uncanny, gruesome, fiendish. But already a tremour had run through the whole spire as the metallic voice thundered out. He felt the whole air tremble. Everything for one awful moment seemed to have become vibrant with life. The minster was a living colossus! In reality—the town clock had just been chiming the quarter after six. That was all! "What must it be like up here—alone at midnight" murmured Brechtle to himself.

At long last they found themselves standing on the broad square platform existing at that time almost at the very top of the spire.

The little door leading to the spire-keeper's shelter was locked. So they passed around to the opposite side by the splendid gothic balustrade. From each of the four corners of this "crow's nest" bow-like bastions projected daringly into outer space. From here the surface of the spire with its vast double windows could be seen to advantage. But between each pair of bastions, a hideous mocking gargoyle stuck far out over the abyssmal depths, scowling contemptuously at the diminutive human anthill below whose members hurried hither and thither night and day without apparent rhyme or reason.

From the eastern side, the roof of the gigantic nave fell away precipitously. All the magnificence that the nineteenth century added was not yet there—the two oriel towers, the mighty flying buttresses, the forest of decorative Fialen along the dove-cote roof of the transepts. On the opposite side, sat the "Sparrow of Ulm", that enormous creature of stone, stern and solemn, looking perpetually down on town and minster as though all this, without him, could not have been brought into existence. But even in that day, all that remained of him was an immense torso bequeathed by the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, which was puzzled to know what the legacy meant.

Brechtle however was filled with wonder at the vastness of this work of human hands that inspired a pride he could neither explain nor express. What he saw beneath him on the outer side of the city walls—the silver surface of the winding Danube with its dimpling ripples and swirling eddies, the

mighty Danube valley stretching south and west, the summits of the snow-capped Alps from the Zugspitze in Bavaria and far beyond that again over the Säntis to the mountain peaks of the heart of Switzerland—was nearer to his spirit. The enchantment of distance set his heart quivering and his blood tingling. Gazing over the balustrade he felt like a half-fledged chick peering for the first time over the edge of the nest into hazy vacancy! "Wake up, lad! Come out of that brown study! What's the use of envying our feathered friends? Flight will ever be beyond us mortals."

Their reveries ended abruptly, the master snapping out rather impatiently: "He may not be asleep but we must wake him for all that. That's what comes when folks go stargazing day-in day-out"

On the ancient, weather-beaten door hung a gigantic knocker, shaped like a cross in a Drudenfuss, mysterious symbol of the fusion between divine and satanic powers. Twice the visitor wrapped without result. Then the massive door swung slowly on its hinges and an old man, of great stature, wearing a talar-like fur coat appeared. Venerable and disposed to stoop, he inspired Brechtle with a sense of awe. Could one be sure that the day of wizards was really past? — — though admittedly he had always pictured them as being rather different.

The old man's hair fell in snow-like locks about his broad shoulders. His beard streamed down over his breast in two great strands. His features, as far as they could be seen at all beneath his leonine mane, were finely cut and regular. His steel-grey eyes literally flashed, but in no unfriendly way, beneath the shaggy brows and animated, in some uncanny way, the swarthy features. Brechtle felt ill at ease. The cleric and watchman exchanged greetings in a friendly way, but the young man thought he could just detect a shade of disdain in the stranger's voice. The don took a letter from his pocket and handed it to the spire-keeper

"Brought by the mail-coach from Stuttgart" he whispered mysteriously as though disclosing a state secret. "Only one this time but apparently of high importance. Cost thirty-six of the best Ulmer Kreuzets."



ULM, CATHEDRAL

"From England" returned the hermit, reverently breaking the seal. "These ones are mostly worth their price. Over there they let nothing disturb their work, not even the hurricane that is devastating the world. One day they will build up what others are now pulling down. On their island they sit secure as I in my tower. If ever I go below again before as I die, it will be to go to England. Those are the lads I admire! Know what they want and see that they get it. But come right in!"

Entering by the narrow doorway, they found themselves in a spacious room containing all kinds of curiosities. Through the little windows that gave upon the four points of the compass, nothing could be seen but sky—deep blue in the east, blood-red in the west. Brechtle felt as though floating along in some celestial region into which fragments from the other world had unaccountably tumbled. Three pewter plates and the remainder of a ham showed that they had been expected. In one corner a table had been set. But it was the opposite corner that contained the centre of interest of the room. On an oaken chest, painted in gaudy colours, stood an astronomical globe, a telescope, a few ancient books, some quaintly-shaped glass bottles and, nearby, on the floor, an electrical sparking machine. Lombard was evidently no ordinary sort of watchman.

They sat down to table but nothing would induce their host to share the beer they had brought.

"Had it been a bottle of fresh water" he grumbled "I should have been grateful. As far as I am concerned, you Ulmers can drink your beer yourselves. Up here I need a clear eye and a steady hand. At my age, I stick to water. Say what you like about the invigorating power of your beer, but it is with water that they have begun to change the face of the world. That is to say—with fire and water. Over there in England they've done it! You were within an hair's breadth of making the discovery yourselves. Would have done it, in fact, were it not for the fact that even the best of you cannot keep his nose out of books and beer-mugs. However—good luck! Hope it'll be to your taste, Brechtle."

Lombard opened the letter that lay alongside of him.



*"He noticed gloomy court-yards piercing the houses like well-shafts,
whose very existence he had never suspected."*

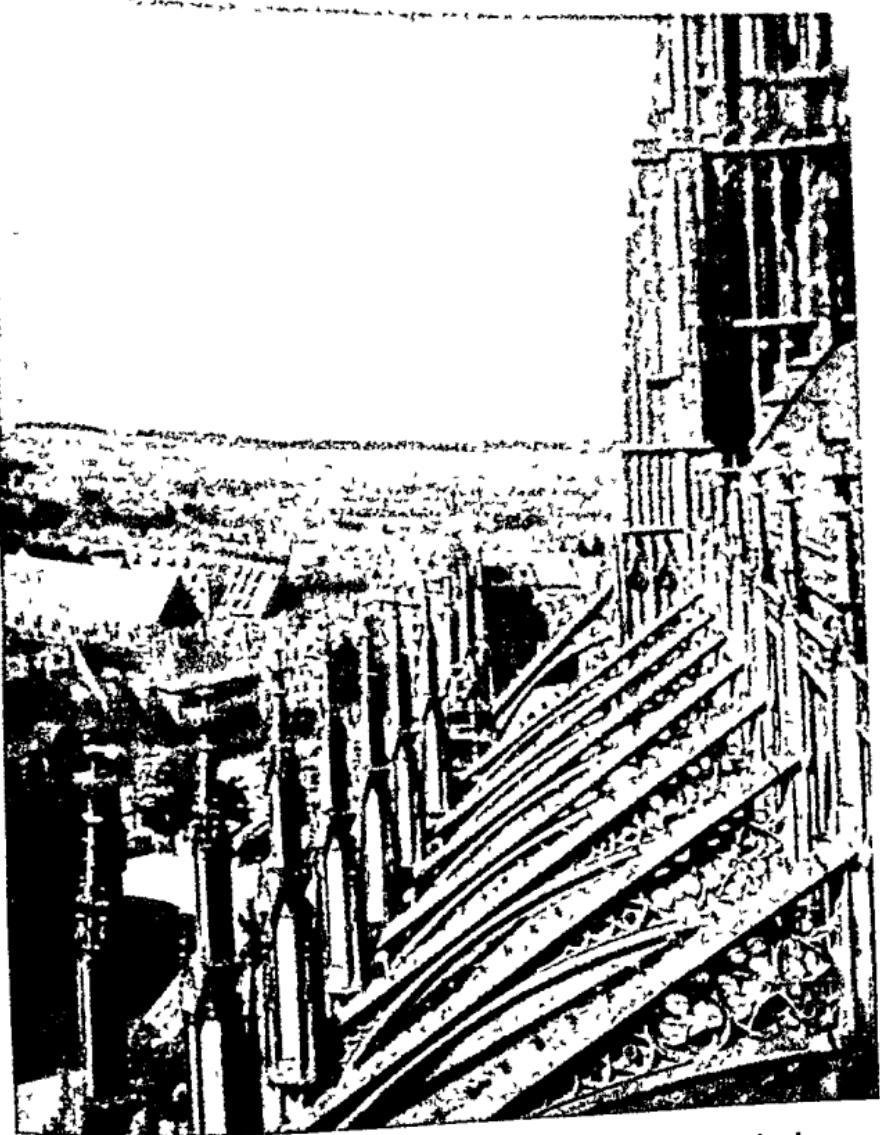
"Look here, master, it's from a certain Hornblower whose acquaintance I made long ago on my travels. He writes that he now feels certain that he has at last invented a tremendous improvement of the steam-engine and that everyone is talking about it over there. He calls it 'expansion'. Doesn't that sound as if one would have to breathe deeper and freer? Even over here, in the mines of Silesia, these machines have been set up to drive water uphill by using fire. Hornblower writes that the friendship between himself and Watt is not very cordial, but they work hand in hand all the same—have taken out a patent for a machine to plough and pull a cart by steam. And a Scotchman, Patrick Miller, used to drive a ship through water the same way before he went bankrupt."

"They're crazy, your Englishmen" broke in the other.

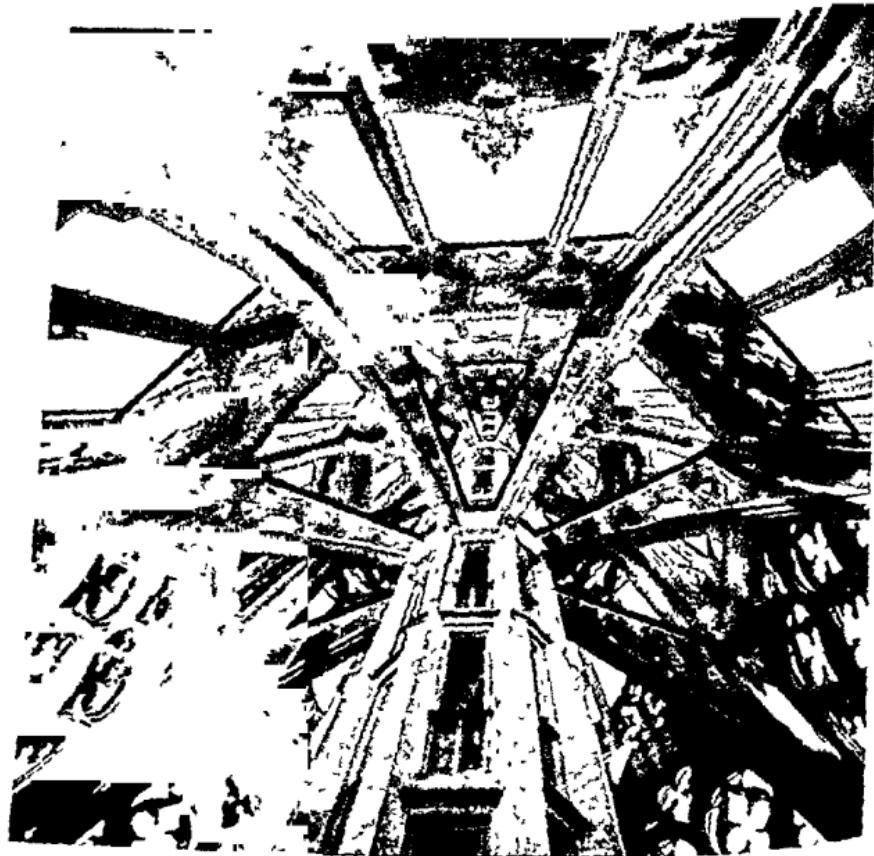
"Yes, if you call it crazy to push back the horizon that limits our knowledge and power" returned the watchman. "For my part I should say it were crazy if one were to try to stop the advance of learning. Over there they are already doing the very things we are still only talking and writing about. They always start at the practical end."

The frugal meal was finished. The modest beer-jugs emptied. The sun had set. The after-glow had slowly faded. They took their chairs and stood them against the outside wall of the dwelling. Lombard dropped into the middle place and motioned the scholar to sit on his right. Brechtle sat down shyly, glancing uneasily from time to time at the back of his chair out of which had been carved a hideous grimacing face whose snarling teeth were bared at him as if in menace.

They gazed out towards the east and down the slippery steepness of the minster roof. The sparrow of Ulm, grave and serious as ever, looked on. As if by common consent, the townsfolk had unconsciously adopted him as the civic emblem. There beneath the white mist hovering over the Danubian moors, rose the moon, pouring its calm silver light onto the fading picture. One by one the stars came out, twinkling like silent friends from the infinitude of space. Around them the life of the night was awakening. At their very feet, in the stonework of the near-by spire window, six snow-white owl-chicks were



*'From this point, a grand panorama spread itself away to the horizon
But still more impressive to the mind of Young Brechtle was the rich
gothic stonework adorning the gigantic pillars'*



Looking up into the tower

trying to outscream one another. From time to time, bats darted hither and thither. The old parent owl, an immense brown bird, hovered in the air almost alongside of them, rising and falling, hardly moving his outstretched wings, seemingly sunk in melancholy thought, lying in wait for the mouse he could hear gnawing away in the next water-spout.

For long they sat there in silence, absorbed in thought. The enchantment of peace lay over all. Beneath them, the silent city seemed to slumber, except for a light here and there, glimmering from some open window. Above them, the sighing of the night wind, playing around the pinnacle of the spire caused the wind-vane to turn with a slight creaking noise as though disturbed by dreams. The fading twilight cast its spell over them.

At last, Lombard broke the silence, saying musingly to the man "Look at that owl there in the moonlight, wheeling round the spire. He is looking for food for his young in that nest 'elow the buttress. Why should we be denied what the owl is permitted? Aren't we the lords of creation? Mightn't we learn to flap our wings? It looks simple enough. Mightn't we borrow the power some day—perhaps even in a few decades—to lift a thousand tons by the pressure of a finger? I see that day coming as clearly as I see the moonlight on the wings of our owl. Why shouldn't we be able to lift our hundred and fifty pounds as easily as an unreasoning beast its five? Let the right man get the right idea and we should all be able to fly like sparrows. Then we should have a fluttering and a twittering! And man would have got one step nearer to the angels in heaven."

"Icarus! Icarus!" admonished the master.

"Enough of your eternal scepticism" exclaimed the dreamer, springing to his feet. Look at yonder air ocean. See the starry sky a-twinkle above us. Consider the infinitude of time stretching away to eternity before us. Then cast your imagination inward on the soul of man, eternally groaning in travail, ever restless, ever straining upwards. Where can the limit be set to his achievement? Flying? Every swallow, every day, soars around my tower. And should we be precluded therefore for all eternity?"

Max von Eyth

*



DEATH AS A FRIEND

Woodcut from Alfred Rethel's Dance Macabre

Die Freunde sind
die Freunde der Freunde
die Freunde der Freunde
die Freunde der Freunde

Goethe's Original Handwriting from the Year 1811

LYNCEUS THE WARDER

SINGING ON THE WATCHTOWER OF THE PALACE

Zum Sehen geboren,	Keen vision my birth-dower
Zum Schauen bestellt,	I'm placed on this height,
Dem Turme geschworen,	Still sworn to the watch-tower,
Gefällt mir die Welt.	The world's my delight.
Ich blick' in die Ferne.	I gaze on the distant.
Ich seh' in der Näh'	I look on the near,
Den Mond und die Sterne,	On moon and on planet,
Den Wald und das Reh	On wood and the deer:
So seh' ich in allen	The beauty eternal
Die ewige Zier,	In all things I see,
Und wie mir's gefallen	And pleased with myself
Gefall' ich auch mir.	All bring pleasure to me.
Ihr glücklichen Augen,	Glad eyes, look around ye
Was je ihr gesehn,	And gaze, for whate'er
Es sei wie es wolle	The sight they encounter,
Es war doch so schön!	It still hath been fair!

GOETHE'S FAUST. 2nd PART

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY ANNA SWANWICK

The blind man flies..

I am blind, I have never seen
Sun, gold nor silver moon,
Nor the fairy faces of flowers,
Nor the radiant moon.

They speak of the dawn and the dusk,
And the smile of a child.
Of the deep red heart of a rose,
As of God underfiled.

But I learnt from the air to-day
(On a bird's wings I flew),
That the earth could never contain
All of the God I knew.

I felt the blue mantle of space,
And kissed the clouds' white hem,
I heard the stars majestic choir,
And sang my praise with them.

Now joy is mine through my long night,
I do not feel the rod,
For I have danced the streets of heaven
And touched the face of God.

Cuthbert Hicks

Now it was breaking night;
I have danced the streets of Zion;
and touched the face of God.

Composition by Fritz Klinner



ARNOLD BOCKLIN

ARNOLD BOECKLIN

PIONEER OF MOTORLESS FLIGHT

ARNOLD Boecklin, the famous painter, was interested from his earliest youth on in the problem of flight. While still a young student of painting he constructed a kind of framework covered with canvas, which he held over his head with both hands. He took a good run and floated over a fortifications moat with this primitive apparatus, landing safely, but for a few scratches, on the other side. In the year 1850 Boecklin, then living in Rome, demonstrated his first perfected flying apparatus before Pope Pius IX. In the year 1881, already 51 years of age, he collected a number of friends in Florence to help him in the construction of a new and improved flying machine. The artists Hans von Marees, Landsinger, Sandreuter, Zuthelle, Albert Schmidt, Heinrich Wünscher, Boecklin's son-in-law, Peter Bruckmann, the sculptor, and the master's own three sons, assisted by a couple of workmen, built up the aeroplane according to Boecklin's directions and designs. Three hours' journey west of Florence, on the Campo Caldo, a great, empty field, they built the thing up, and here, from a little hill near the village of Vigliano, the trial trip was to be made.

Boecklin had caused three planes lying horizontally above one another to be constructed. The apparatus was a kind of box kite with two wings and a tail, its connecting frame being of pine and bamboo poles. The airman's place was between the two wings. These wings consisted of three horizontal planes lying at equal distances above one another. The middle plane rested on the axis, which bore the other two wings, the tail and the gondola. The separate planes were made of three square frameworks of bamboo, covered with canvas. The vertical supports between the separate planes were made of oak. Extra supports of thin wire were set diagonally.

The tail also consisted of three planes, one above another. Rollers with levers attached were mounted in the gondola, by means of which the tail could be moved up and down or from side to side. Thus the apparatus looked like a gigantic bird. Boecklin hoped to be able to stay up in the air without any

motor power, just by a systematic use of wind power. His dream, of which he even ventured to speak, was to let himself be carried over the Alps by the South wind, in one long flight from morning till evening, from the plains and lakes of Italy to the shores of the Baltic Sea. He thought he had solved the problem of gliding flight and was content to leave the final technicalities to later experts to work out.

Full of high hope, Boecklin and his friends drove out along the hot and dusty road to Vigliano, where the flying machine lay on the yellow field like a great clumsy bird. Here his first great flight was to take place. The sky hung heavy, blue, implacable, above the lovely landscape. It was oppressively hot. Not a breath of air was stirring. The whole day went by. It was impossible to attempt an ascent in such a dead calm. In the night, great yellowish thunderclouds gathered. High in the upper air storms drove these clouds before them, but not a leaf moved on the lower levels and the stillness was uncanny. The would-be aeronauts spend the night in a tent on the open field. Suddenly, towards daybreak the storm broke loose, one of those Tuscan thunderstorms with hail that destroy crops and tear up forest trees. The tent in which Boecklin and his companions had spent the night on the hill, was torn to ribbons by the great hailstones. The inhabitants, bruised and crusted with ice, fled to the village. A quarter of an hour later, the storm was over, the valley was covered inches thick with ice from the hailstones. At the foot of the Campo Caldo lay a dirty mass of ruins, bits of wood and wire and fragments of canvas—all that was left of Boecklin's flying machine.

Two years later we find Boecklin once more hard at work building a new flying machine, this time on the exercise ground of the military airmen in Berlin. The officers declared that it was impossible to steer a flying machine without driving power, but Boecklin did not agree. If he could have the necessary workmen he would soon prove the truth of his premises and of his system. His wishes were fulfilled and a fortnight later Boecklin climbed into his flying-machine, but the apparatus soon collapsed as the wind beat upon it.

Soon after Boecklin attempted a flight from the roof of his house in Zürich, but fell and broke his arm. It was enough to discourage anyone, but Boecklin was not so easily daunted. He had observed that an object which is heavier than air can only fly without the driving power of beating wings or a motor when the wind-power can beat upon a suitable combination of planes. He came to this conclusion after studying the flight of large birds of prey, which can float, soar, sink and circle without flapping their wings. He recognised that the alteration of the tail's position with relation to the plane of the wings must vary with every evolution. He endeavoured to discover the law governing these movements. In the year 1894, he spoke of his theories to the famous physicist, Helmholtz, in Berlin. Helmholtz afterwards said: "When he began to talk, I thought he was a mere amateur visionary, for everything he said was expressed as unscientifically as possible. But when I considered the matter as a whole, I was astonished at the clarity with which this painter, lacking positive mathematical knowledge, succeeded in expressing formulas the correctness of which I was obliged to recognise."

On January 16th, 1901, the great artist closed his eyes in death — remarkable eyes, one blue and the other brown. When he was a young man, Boecklin is said to have been able to see the planets with the naked eye like little moons without rays, as they ordinarily appear only when viewed through a telescope. How these keen eyes would light up to-day, thirty years later, if the old pioneer could but see the joyous young folk of to-day gliding on their motorless planes from the wandering dunes of the Kurische Nehrung or from the round hills of the Rhon!

Franz Langhennrich

*

ship and he walked slowly to the village inn at Echterdingen the "Hirsch" it was called - for his breakfast. He felt more lighthearted than he had for years. The two emergency landings he had been forced to make had somehow encouraged him; he had realized how the motors in the airship could be made even more efficient; the landings themselves had been as simple as they had been perfect. No one, he thought, not even the sceptical experts at the Prussian Ministry of War, could doubt the future success of his airship any longer.

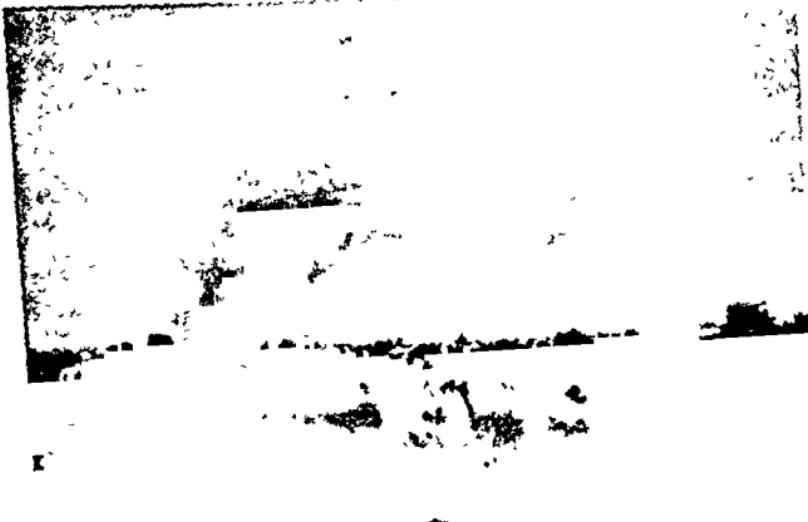
During the morning, while the motor was being repaired, Zeppelin chatted cheerfully with friends who had come to Echterdingen from Stuttgart to see him. By this time a huge crowd had congregated in the village and in the field near the airship. The City of Stuttgart had been obliged to send out a company of soldiers who cordoned off enough space around the L. Z. 4 so that the mechanics would not be disturbed in their work.

The ship was expected to resume her flight early in the afternoon. There was a slight breeze, but it did not seem windy enough to postpone the return to Manzell. Zeppelin was getting ready to leave the inn and rejoin the ship.

Suddenly he heard a terrible explosion followed by a scream, uttered simultaneously by thousands of people on the field outside. He rushed to the door in time to see the L. Z. 4 only a few feet from the earth, one mass of flames. Even before he reached the immediate scene of the accident Zeppelin knew that the airship must be completely demolished.

An eye-witness of this tragedy writes as follows. "The ship, pointing to the south, was lying in an exact north to south position. Two non-commissioned officers and twenty-five men (sent from Stuttgart) were holding on to the front gondola; another non-commissioned officer and twelve men were holding on to the ropes. An equal number of men were holding the back gondola, but before the storm actually broke another twelve men were stationed at the back gondola as well.

"About ten minutes to three a terrific squall suddenly swept down from the west, striking the airship broadside. The back part of the ship was raised with a jerk, the force of which lifted the men from the ground. The men holding on to the front gondola were soon lifted from the ground and all of them



jumped, even though the ship had already reached a considerable height. One of the mechanics was fatally injured by his fall. The ship had reached a height of about 500 feet when she dropped a bit and floated south for about half a mile. Then the front caught in some trees and she went up in flames."

It is probable that the explosion was due to atmospheric discharges of electricity-it was a very hot day-which caused the formation of sparks when the ship's anchor suddenly left the ground

But no one thought of the causes of the accident then. The crowd maintained a deathly silence as Zeppelin walked slowly across the field to where the L. Z 4 lay smouldering. The aluminum framework and the charred gondolas were all that was left. Ambulances had been sent for from Stuttgart, many of the men had suffered slight injuries; a few of them had been fatally injured. It was the first time that Zeppelin had experienced a loss of life or limb among his staff. He was terribly shaken. Until the ambulances and doctors arrived nothing could be done to relieve the suffering of these men. Everything had happened so quickly. His mind was thrown into chaos. He suddenly looked years older and the crowd moved

back silently when he left the field to return to Friedrichshafen and from there to Manzell--by train from Stuttgart.

As he sat in the train he realized that, as far as he himself was concerned, the construction of airships was over.

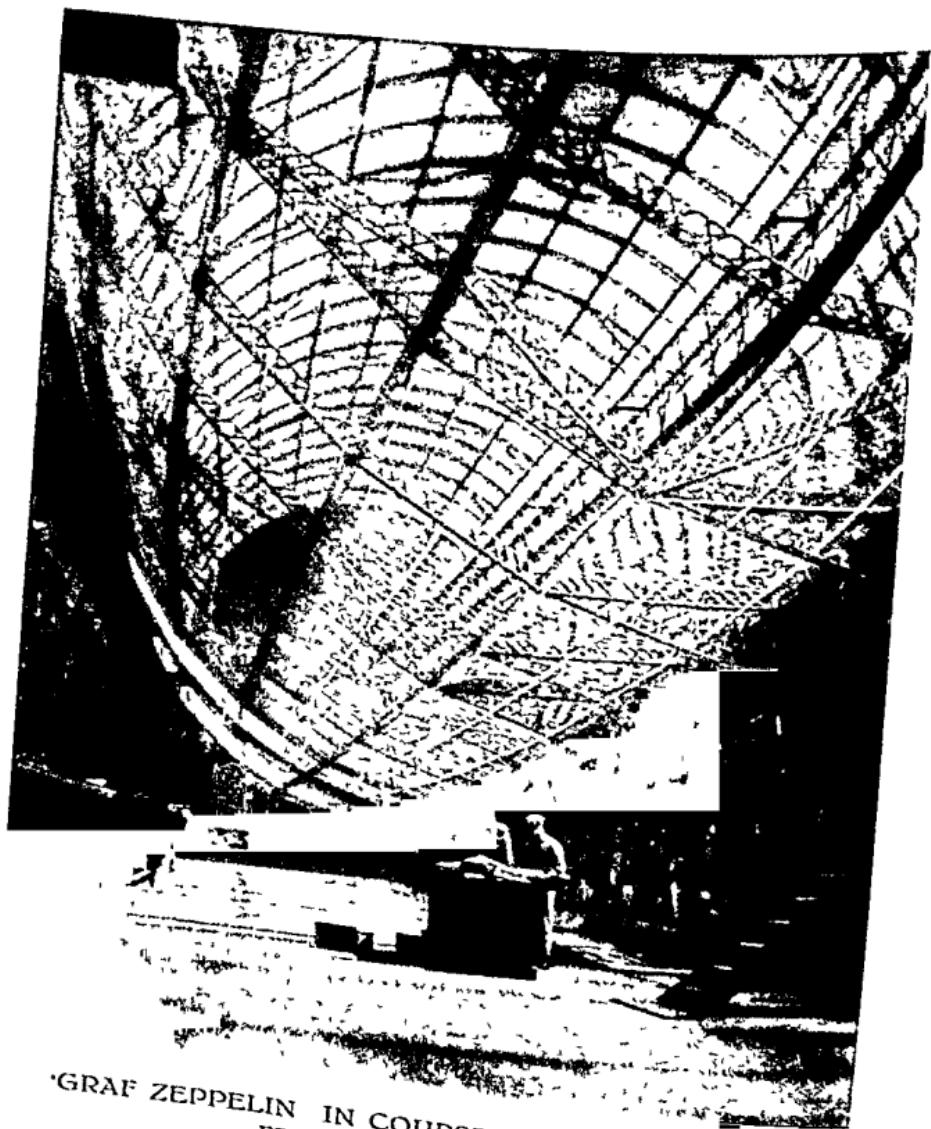
The City of Friedrichshafen had been preparing for a victorious return of the L. Z. 4. Flags hung from every house, a torch-light procession had been arranged for the evening and the King Charles Regiment of Uhlans, which Zeppelin had once commanded, was planning a parade led by the regimental band.

By the time Zeppelin's train reached Friedrichshafen the news of the disaster had spread through the city like wildfire. All the flags had been either removed or pulled down to half mast. The city was in deepest mourning. Zeppelin's daughter met him at the station and, hand in hand, she and her father walked quietly to the "Deutsches Haus", the inn where he always stayed when he was at Friedrichshafen.

By the next morning, however, Zeppelin was to realize that the faith of his friends and admirers had not been shaken. Contributions for the construction of a new airship came almost at once. He saw that his friends wanted him to go on with his work. The evening after the disaster, a bowling club in a small city in Baden sent seven guineas by special messenger. A wealthy manufacturer in Mannheim the next morning sent two thousand, five hundred pounds. The passengers on a pleasure boat on Lake Constance collected thirty pounds which was dispatched to the "Deutsches Haus" immediately.

What touched Zeppelin most deeply were the innumerable letters he received from small children all over Germany. One little girl sent him her *Struwwelpeter* book, probably her most treasured possession, with the following note: "I am sending you my *Struwwelpeter* book to comfort you, because your airship has been burned up." Another little girl sent her entire savings, four pence, so that the Count "could build another airship". A small boy wrote to Zeppelin to say "he would be glad to send the Count his twenty pfennige, if they would be useful." Their anxiety never prevented Zeppelin and his daughter from answering letters of this kind. Zeppelin was a man who was always grateful, almost surprised, by such expressions of loyalty

Margaret Goldsmith



'GRAF ZEPPELIN IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION
FRIEDRICHSHAFEN 1928

TRAINING A NATION OF BIRD-MEN

"WHY should Germany lavish such immense sums on experiments in aerial navigation?" he exclaimed, repeating the question I had shot at him unawares. It was in Friedrichshafen. In the Zeppelin 'dock' the building of a new dirigible had just been started. The Dornier Works, from which the colossal "Do X" had but recently issued, was in sight. In all parts of Germany, the public interest in everything connected with aircraft is intense. But in its present economic difficulties, it seems hardly wise for the country to be sinking so much ready capital, badly needed elsewhere, in work that can yield no immediate profit. The world's demand for commercial Zeppelins is exactly nil. The market for civil aeroplanes is as good as negligible.

Wiry, alert, inscrutable, with jaws that snapped like steel traps every time he spoke, with long years of experience as builder and navigator of some of Germany's best aircraft, the thick-set little engineer looked embarrassed by my question. After taking time to frame a diplomatic answer he exploded:

"Perkins, a famous English chemist was the man who discovered that aniline dyes could be extracted from coal tar. Lavoisier and Bertholet, pioneers of modern chemistry, were but two of the many brilliant Frenchmen who lead the advance guard of scientific progress. Then why did dye-making so soon become — and ever since remain — essentially a German industry? Why! when we started making dyes, we had even to import the coal tar from England, because Germany was then such a poor country that we had not even begun to light our homes with coal gas. Answer that question, and you will know as well as I what German aerial enterprise is after!" Then—apparently regretting even this short cryptic answer—he abruptly said good-bye and hurried off.

For six months after this talk, I scoured Germany to find out what he meant, studying every aspect of its feverish activity in aerial research. In Friedrichshafen I saw the "Graf Zeppelin", and its prospective successor, the Dornier Works with "Do X" and the place where the famous Maybach Motors are

PIONEER MECHANICIANS OF GERMAN FLIGHT



JUNKERS



DORNIER



ROHRBACH



FOCKE



KLEMM



RUMPLER



HEINKEL



MESSERSCHMIDT



GEORGII



DURR



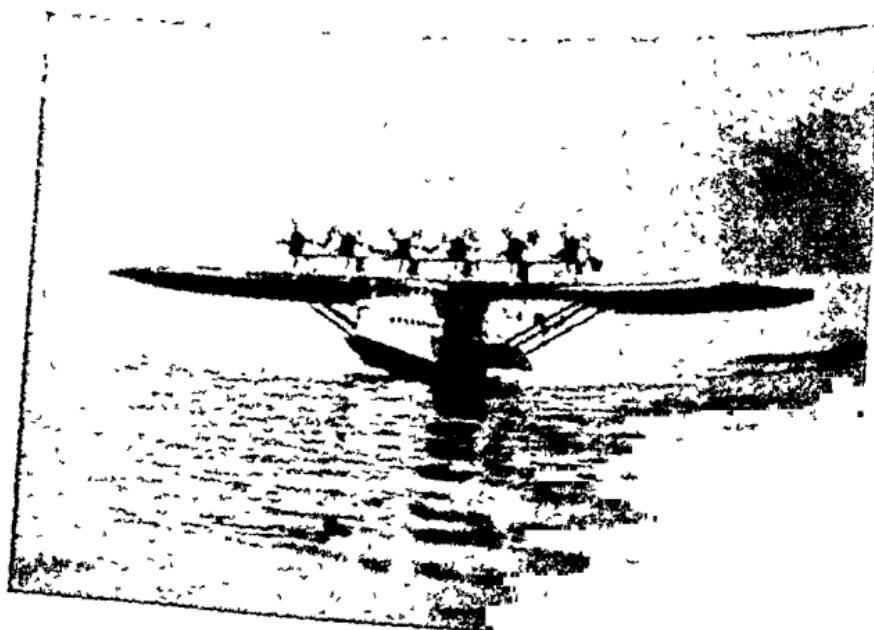
v PARSEVAL



SCHUTTE

made, all belonging to the same concern and all created by the initiative of the late Count Zeppelin. Then I went to München to see the Bayrische Motorenwerke because everyone said these motors are the very acme of perfection for all sorts of flying. I went to Göttingen, so proud of its title "Mathematical Center of the World" to see the Aerodynamical Research Institute, where Professor Prantl has installed his ingenious wind canals to find out how every new form of aeroplane behaves in the aircurrents its flight sets up. Through vast passages through which an automobile could easily be driven, air is blown at rates up to 110 miles per hour. The models for examination are suspended in the canal, the wind is turned on, and the resulting endeavour of the model to rise or fall, to turn right or left, is measured exactly. Then an army of mathematicians attacks the figures and finds out what they mean. In Berlin I talked with directors of the Lufthansa—the German commercial flying service, went to see motorless flying at the Rhön near Frankfurt and at Rositten near Königsberg, but nobody said anything that threw light on the meaning of my Friedrichshafen's friend's strange hint.

When about to give up the riddle, I came upon the answer in Dessau at the famous Junkers-Works. Here one is in quite a different atmosphere. One is among business men who know exactly what they want. The ultimate aim of all their researches is the earning of profits. So when they proudly announced that the Junkers-Works is the only private firm in the world that carries on original research on aerial navigation at its own expense, it seemed that this must be the place to find out what secret force is driving Germany unswervingly forward towards the hidden goal. That Junkers must have spent immense sums already is clear from the fact that nearly 1000 men are employed in their service. There is one engineer to every ten mechanics. Their first all-metal passenger aeroplane was completed in 1919. After ten years of daily use, it is still in service. There are only 350 Junkers machines flying in all parts of the world, including Germany. As the life of a machine is evidently quite ten years, the Junkers works in the last decade cannot have sold more than a few hundred planes, whereas the outlay for salaries, wages and materials must have been enormous.



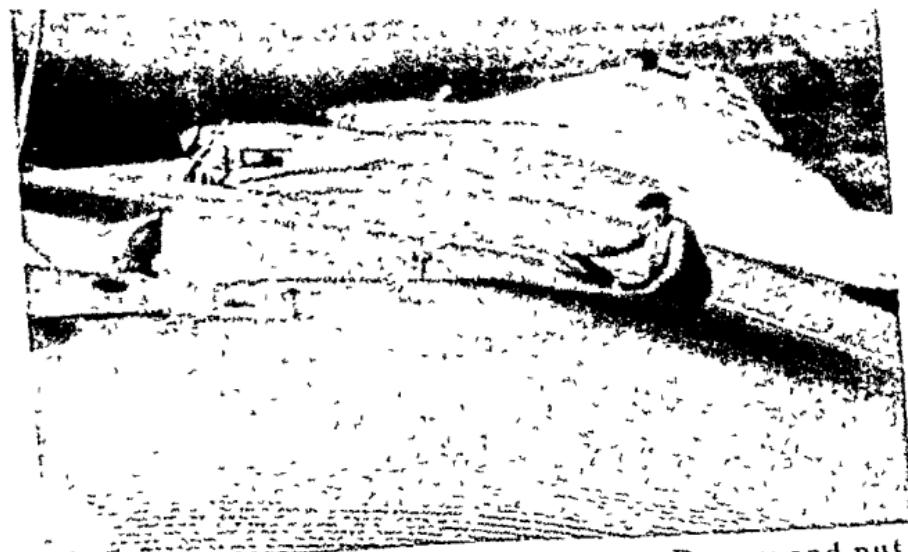
Dornier Do X Flying Boat

How then is the work financed? What inducement can business men see in waiting so long for remunerative results? Professor Junkers, now seventy-two years of age, but still the driving force in the firm, was already famous in the engineering world before he began to interest himself in flying. He had made his name by inventing and manufacturing fool-proof bath-water heaters. Then followed the Junkers' ventilators, corrugated metals, calorimeters, and finally motors. All of these things were first-class commercial successes, and today are exported to all parts of the world. And it is the profits on their sale and the private fortune Junkers had previously amassed that have borne the cost of his researches on aeroplane-making.

In 1919, when his first light-alloy civil machine called the "P 13" was installed in the passenger service, Junkers realised that the world would be ripe for flying the moment aviation can be made commercially remunerative. "When that day arrives" said the head engineer at Junkers "the aeroplane will conquer the world. Trains can only travel on land. Steam-boats on the ocean. But the aeroplane knows no frontiers, the

aerial fluid is everywhere the same, mountains and oceans, rivers and deserts are no obstacles. Already "on the fringe of civilisation" the aeroplane has got in before the railway or roads and will make the building of many projected railways superfluous. In Persia for instance, freight and passengers are carried by plane only as a matter of course. In New Guinea, flying only on fields 10,000 feet above sea-level is only possible because a perilous three weeks' journey through mountains infested by cannibals, can now be done in one hour. In Colombia, the "Scadta" Company's air service from the Caribbean to Bogota, formerly a voyage of from two to three weeks, now takes only 10 hours. In Bolivia, the most difficult flying area of the world, where, in crossing the Andes, there is no chance of an emergency landing, where the temperature is never under 120° F., where at altitudes of 13,000 feet the air is extremely rarified, Junkers machines are giving entire satisfaction.

"These, of course, are special test cases. For ten years past all research has been directed towards making flying "a paying proposition." Part of that work has been to study air currents



Wings of the giant Airship G 38, built in Dessau and put into commission by the German Lufthansa for the Aerial Service between London and Berlin



Munich Aerodrome

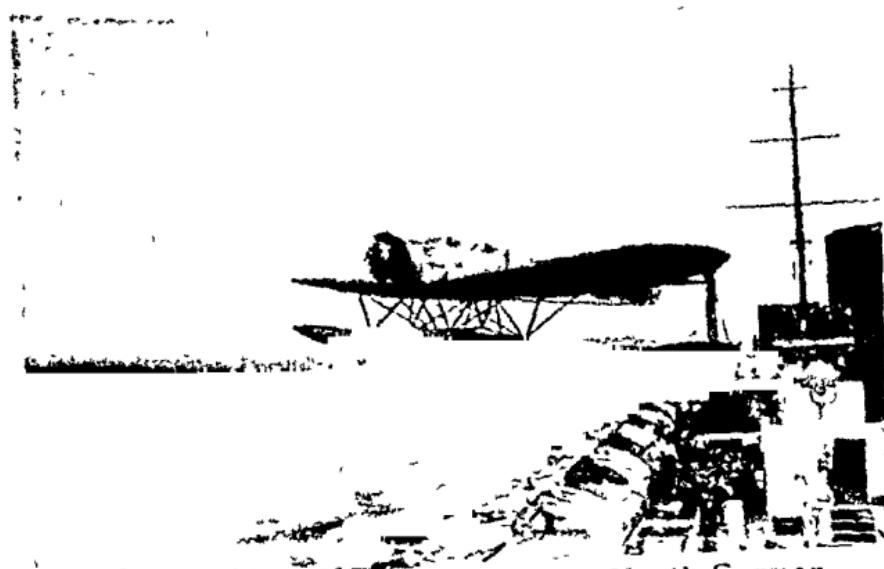
and the ideal form of aerial machines. Part has been the discovery and even the creation of markets. Part has gone in perfecting the machine itself. The whole problem depends on making what airmen call "the useful load" great enough. When a plane rises, it has first of all to lift itself, its motor, its pilot and its fuel. Only after that does it begin to do any useful work. The ideal metal alloy—Duralumin—was discovered by the Chemical Trust at Griesheim Elektron, and hundreds of tests have brought the present form of plane to such a stage of perfection that it will soon be possible to build in series. But the heart of the whole problem was in making a motor light enough, cheap enough, economical enough in use, and durable enough to do its work and leave a high "useful load." Finally a cheap fuel had to be found. So all the dead load had to be made as small as possible.

"All these technical problems have been solved. Junkers has at last perfected his 'crude oil' motor after years of search. Crude oil cannot take fire like benzine. It costs only one quarter of the price. With the same amount of oil, one can go one-sixth of the distance farther, than with benzine. To cheapen the

motor, a form had to be found permitting a wide range of uses—for instance, suitable for automobiles and launches, so that when this motor is made by series, the aeroplane works will get it very cheaply. The aim is to turn out a first-class modern aeroplane for £ 100. With ten years of life, the amortisation would be low. Within ten years, one tenth of all the world's transport will be done aerially."

Here beyond doubt, is the answer to our riddle.

Suddenly the meaning of what I had seen at Rostitten was clear in a flash. It almost seemed as though God had made Germany geographically to suit the kind of people that live there. You can see from the map that near Königsberg is a long, narrow strip of land running north-east called the Nehtung. It is a sand bank. Apparently of no use to man or beast. But thirty years ago, a German professor discovered that all the birds of passage that fly south in the autumn to warmer climates and return in the spring on their way to Russia, pass over this tongue of desert. He explained to me why—but that is another story. The important thing is that thirty years ago he set up



Catapult Aeroplane belonging to North German Lloyd Steamer 'Europa'



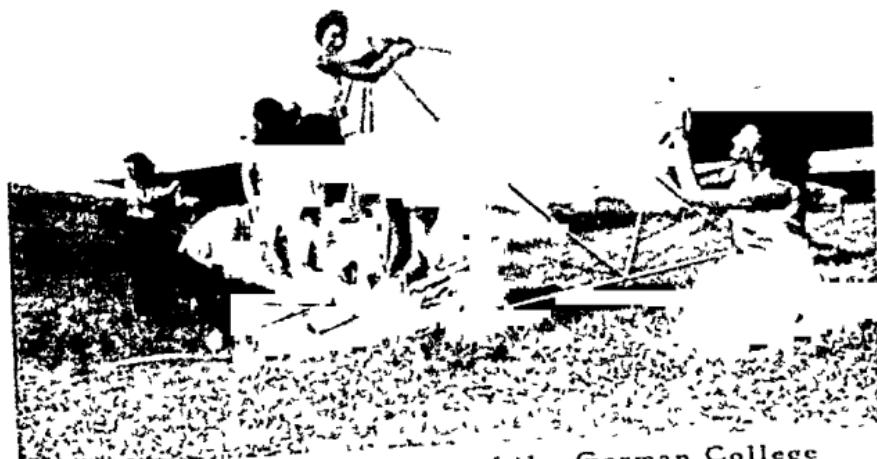
School of Motorless Flight, Rossitten

an observatory there and, with a group of young disciples, has been studying bird flight ever since. Why? Simply because it fascinated him. No practical end in view at all. But now he knows all about the life habits of 160 varieties of birds. Some days you can see there millions and millions and millions of birds all going in a straight line dead south. Suddenly they stop. For days hardly a bird is to be seen. Then off they all go again. Why? Frail creatures like birds could not go thousands of miles over land and sea, apparently without effort, if they had to plough their way laboriously through the air-ocean. Instinctively, they apply the very aerodynamical principles that Göttingen is trying so hard to discover. They fly without effort because the wind carries them. They can in fact only travel in the right wind. But how? If we knew that, then the wind might be made to do most of the work of lifting now required of the motor.

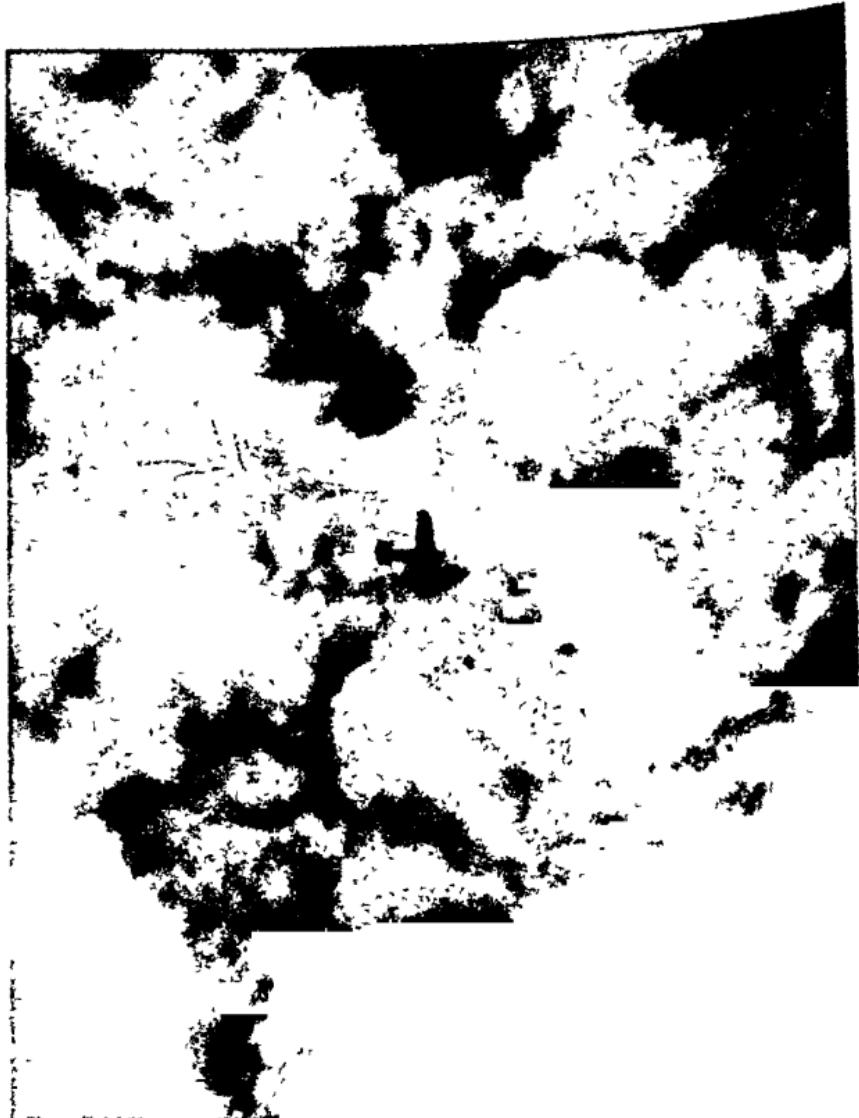
On this lonely spot, a school was built in 1925 to study and teach motorless flying. Firstly because strong winds blow there daily. Secondly because when a flier 'crashes' in the soft sand he does not as a rule hurt himself. Thirdly, because this spot

is far removed from the eyes of the curious. What connection is there between the Bird Observatory and the Flying School at Rossitten? Simply this. That the two work hand in hand. Birds have been tamed in large numbers, caused to fly in a desired direction and their movements recorded by the cinematograph. The bird-movements are then analyzed mathematically. New designs of gliders are made and tried in consequence. The ideal is to reproduce bird-motion identically.

Hundreds of young Germans with the sport instinct, or because their future profession necessitates it, pass through this school every year. What for? Simply to acquire—as the director told me—"the bird sense." "You never know when such knowledge may come in useful" he explained. One sees these lads of sixteen getting confidently into a frail framework of wood-lathes and calico, going up thousands of feet in the teeth of a gale and flying for hours at a time right along the path of a storm! They have lost all fear of accident. They are at home in the clouds. They are 'bird-men'. What magnificent



Girl Air-pilot Aspirants of the German College
of Physical Culture, Berlin



pilot-material for Germany's future commercial air fleet! Just think of what these lads will do when put in charge of motor-driven machines!

After all, I believe my friend in Friedrichshafen knew what he was talking about.

G. H. Morrison

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LINDBERGH'S FLIGHT

A FRAGMENT

The Fog

*During almost the whole flight the
airman has to battle with fog*

I am the Fog, and with me must he reckon
That fares upon the waters.
1000 years we have seen no-one
Who wants to fly in the air!
Who are you, anyhow?
But we shall see about it.
That still no-one shall fly about up there!
I am the Fog!
Turn about!

Lindbergh

What you're saying there
Certainly needs considering:
If you do much more of it
Perhaps I shall really turn about.
If there is no chance
I shall stop fighting.
With my shield or upon it
Is not my policy.
But now
I shall not turn about yet.

The Fog

Now you are still great, because
You do not know me yet.

Now you still see a little water beneath you
And you know
Where is right and left of you, but
Wait one more night and one more day
When you see no water and no sky
Neither your steering gear
Nor yet your compass.
Age a little, then you will
Know what I am.
I am the Fog!

Lindbergh

Seven men built my craft in San Diego
Often 24 hours without a pause
Out of a couple of yards of steel tubes.
What they have made, must do for me,
They did the work and I
Go on working, I am not alone, we are
Eight of us, flying here.

The Fog

Now you are 25 years old and
Fear very little, but when you
Are 25 years and a night old, and a day,
You will be more afraid.
To-morrow and to-morrow and a 1000 years
There will be water here and
Air and fog
But you there will
Not be

Lindbergh

Up to now it was day, but now
Comes the night.

The Pop

For 10 hours I have been fighting a man who
Flies around in the air, which thing no one
Has seen for 1000 years. I cannot
Bring him down,
Take him over, you Snowstorm.

In the next song the Snowstorm

The Snowstorm

For an hour there has flown in me a man
With a flying-machine
Sometimes high above me
Sometimes low down over the water
For an hour I have been tossing him
Down to the water and up to the heavens
He can find a hold nowhere, but
He does not fall.
He tumbles upwards
And he climbs downwards
He is weaker than a tree on the shore
Powerless as a leaf without a branch, but
He does not fall.
For hours this man has not seen the moon
Nor his own hand,
But he does not fall.
I have packed ice upon his flying-machine
So it would grow heavy and pull him down,
But the ice falls from him and
He does not fall

Berfolk Bruch

*

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

EVEN the most experienced pioneers of long-distance flying have had to admit that, owing to atmospheric disturbances, all the instruments hitherto devised for navigating in fog are apt to fail. Besides this, there are unavoidable dangers arising from the formation of ice on the plane during flight. And even the best meteorological service can only warn against—but not change—bad weather.

In the very nature of things, there can be only one solution of the weather problem—flight above the disturbance zone.

At altitudes greater than 7 miles, there exists what is known to scientists as the "stratosphere"—a zone completely free from all clouds, storms, air-eddies and other impediments to flight. In the stratosphere the temperature, in our latitudes, is between 60 and 90°F. below zero. At the poles during winter it is 20 to 40°F. warmer, while at the equator during the summer it is by about the same amount colder. Latitude and season therefore work in exactly the opposite sense in the stratosphere as at the earth's surface. The atmospheric pressure falls by half for every increase of altitude of $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles. At a height of 10 miles it amounts to only about 10 percent of the value at the earth's surface. At this elevation, 90% of the weight of the earth's atmosphere lies beneath us, so that the sun's light suffers less annihilation, the sky is darker, the larger stars visible by day just as from the earth's surface by night. This means that, during flight at this altitude, the systematic determination of one's position by astronomical methods would always be possible—day or night. If flight could be conducted at these heights, the weather would only need to be taken into consideration when ascending to or descending from the stratosphere. And in descending from an altitude of 10 miles, there would be a circle of over 300 miles in diameter, within which the pilot could choose his landing place, so that even in the worst emergencies when the engines are not functioning at all, there would be ample time for notifying the ground stations and asking for guidance or for locating a ship somewhere within this area of more than 70000 square miles.

Whereas the airship must necessarily lose the power to continue rising as the atmosphere becomes rarer, the aeroplane by increasing its velocity may effect a compensation and thus be independent of air-density. This would mean in practice that, at a height of 10 miles, the velocity of flight would have to be about three times that at the earth's surface. That is to say, the normal passenger plane would then travel at the speed of over 300 miles per hour, hence would cover the distance from Berlin to New York in 12 hours. The ascent and descent at half this velocity each taking half an hour would not seriously affect the calculation.

Very naturally, the question arises why the advantages of altitude flying were not recognised long ago and what difficulties stand in the way of its adoption. The answer is that, up till now, both man and motor have been unequal to the strain. The human body is only capable of adapting itself to a limited degree to the lowering of air pressure and temperature. During flights higher than 4 miles "altitude-sickness" is apt to occur on account of the reduced air density. That is to say mental and physical efficiency declines till, at a height from 5 to 6 miles, unconsciousness may occur and finally death. By the inhalation of oxygen the physiological altitude limit can be raised by from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 miles but even then, life becomes endangered at heights above from 7 to 9 miles. A satisfactory solution of the physiological difficulties could only be expected from the construction of a pressure-tight altitude-chamber within which satisfactory temperatures and pressures could be maintained at every altitude. Though this seems to be an idea capable of easy realisation—the patent literature of pre-war days reveals many an attempt at practical solution—the inherent difficulties of hermetic-sealing, pressure-maintenance, heating, ventilation, visibility, steering and instrument-manipulation are very hard to surmount.

Nor does the motor provide fewer problems than the man. The capacity of the motor declines with the fall of atmospheric density. If decline in efficiency is to be avoided, then the motor—like human lungs—must be supplied with air of constant pressure at all altitudes. Air has to be pumped in considerable

quantities by a multiple turbine-compressor. Years of painstaking developmental work were needed to obtain units of sufficient lightness, reliability, and efficiency for heights above 6 miles.

Happily the energy required by the compressor can be obtained from the unutilised waste energy of the motor. The exhaust gases leave the motor at a tension of about 4 atmospheres. The tension of the air at the earth's surface is 1 atmosphere, at 10 miles altitude about 0.1 atmosphere. The pressure gradient of the exhaust gases leaving the motor when the altitude is 10 miles, is therefore much greater than at the earth's surface. Hence, with increasing altitude, the exhaust gases, on expansion, can perform a considerable—and increasing—amount of work. If, by means of a turbine, this waste energy is utilised, not only will it suffice to run the compressor but, to a certain extent, will even be enough to supplement the energy supplied to the propellor.

Owing to the limited financial resources at its disposal, German aerial research for the time being must content itself with trying merely to solve certain parts of the whole range of problems. For instance, attention has till now been focussed chiefly on the construction of an efficient altitude-chamber and an adequate compressor. The research aeroplane ordered jointly from Junkers by the Notgemeinschaft der Deutschen Wissenschaft in connection with the "Reichsverkehrsministerium" and the "Deutsche Versuchsanstalt für Luftfahrt" from specifications prepared by me will be but a flying laboratory, not intended for the achievement of records in long-distance or altitude flight but rather for systematic constructional and experimental work.

Let us hope that this work will be continuously furthered until the great goal in view is reached—the opening of a new epoch in international passenger and transport traffic at velocities hitherto unattainable.

Asmus Hansen



From left to right Robert Kronfeld, Ashwell Cooke, Chairman of the London Gliding Club, HRH Prince of Wales, Gordon England, Chairman of the British Gliding Association. The Master of Sempill. (half-hidden behind Gordon England)

THE INFLUENCE OF MOTORLESS FLYING ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

I considered it an honour to accept the invitation to contribute a few lines on the international aspects of the sport of motorless flying to that useful publication "Passing through Germany". Generally speaking, those of us who are interested in aviation are not able to pass *through* Germany sufficiently frequently, where we would undoubtedly see much concerning aviation that would prove of the greatest interest. On the other hand, we find ourselves passing *over* Germany all too rapidly.



Carl Maersuppe

The sport of motorless flying saw its birth in Germany and is now being adopted in various other countries, but in none with more enthusiasm than in Great Britain. It is only natural that the countrymen of Lilienthal should give the lead to the world in the development of gliding and soaring flight. Those of us who are interested in the furtherance of this movement in my country cannot find suit-

able words to express our gratitude for the tremendous assistance that we have received from our German friends.

We are endeavouring to capture the wonderful spirit that animates all those who visit the headquarters of the Rhön-Rossitten-Gesellschaft at the Wasserkuppe. We are trying to follow the splendid lead given by the founder of this great organisation—Professor Georgii—and the world's masters of the art of soaring flight — Herr Kronfeld and Herr Hirth.

If aviation is to be properly utilised for the advancement of civilisation it should be truly international in character and know no boundaries. Such a state of affairs has, unhappily, not yet been achieved, but all of us in aviation must strive to bring this about. Flying has already beaten down certain barriers and is doing much to foster a better understanding between various peoples by providing more rapid means of communication.

The feeling as between British and German aviators is one of extreme friendliness. We greatly admire the

successes achieved by the latter in motorless flying, holding as they do the three principal records—duration, distance across country, and altitude. British pilots will certainly do their utmost to wrest these records from the present German holders, but it will be some long time before they will be able to consider themselves capable of competing on level terms.

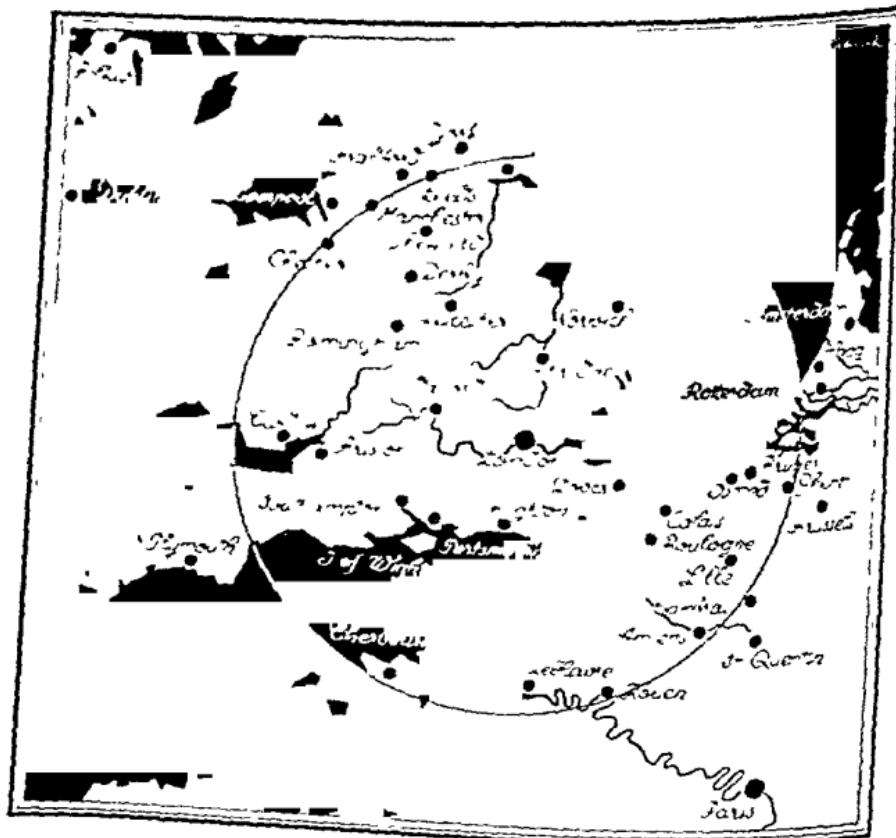


Wolfgan Hirth

The competitions on the Wasserkuppe are becoming more international in character and it is likely that French, American and British representatives, and probably the representatives of other countries, will be participating this year. Motorless flying is gradually recapturing the old spirit of camaraderie and sportsmanship that animated flying in the early days but which has, to a certain extent, disappeared due to the inevitable advance of commercialism.

I feel quite sure that motorless flying—which is comparatively cheap and therefore within the reach of the majority—will grow tremendously and prove to be a valuable factor in enabling our respective nations to understand one another better so that we may work in closest co-operation for the advancement of aeronautics—a science that is destined to play a part of predominating importance in the future.

The Master of Sempill



ON May 5th, 1931, a new record in motorless flight was set up by the German pilot Groenhoff. He flew in one long glide from Munich over Regensburg and the mountains of the German-Bohemian frontier to Kaden near Carlsbad, a distance of 165 miles. The map shows the radius of distance as it would have appeared if London had been Groenhoff's starting-point.

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F R O M E A S T

T O W E S T



JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER

born on August 8 1744 at Mohrungen, East Prussia
died on December 18 1803 at Weimar

"My brothers, let us work with courageous, happy hearts,
even though the skies be cloudy; for we strive towards
a great future. And let our aim be as pure, as clear, as
free from dross as may be; for our course is beset by
illusions, mists and darkness" Herder

THE GERMAN FAMILY AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

THE real significance of the Bolshevik menace to Western culture lies in a gigantic and all embracing effort at world re-construction.

It would be a superficial method of considering the subject if this onslaught were interpreted exclusively as a political and economic attempt at world conquest. The actual purpose is mentally and spiritually so to enslave the world that the way may be cleared for forcing the growth of "the new humanity."

It is worth while to consider thoughtfully what is the chief point of attack against which the first concentrated advance of this revolutionary will is directed.

It is entirely aimed at the institution of the family.

The German family of today is confronted by this attack under the most tragic circumstances, for it is a deplorable as well as an incontestable fact that as an institution it is in a somewhat advanced state of disruption. Economic changes have destroyed many traditional and commonly accepted social forms, and with them the whole order of family life. Catastrophes in the economic sphere and unemployment combined with the housing problem only serve to precipitate the crisis. To take the view however that the disintegrating process is solely due to economic and social changes does not adequately meet the case. The decay of family life affects every class and rank of the nation, and is indicative of a deep seated cause. The developments in the earning activities of the younger women, as well as the injurious effects on health of the War and of much that followed the War, are not seldom



Cookery-class in an East Prussian School

the regrettable cause of many childless or single-child marriages. But there is no doubt that the general loosening of the marriage tie and the consequent weakened educational influence of the family is exercising a devastating effect on moral values and spiritual strength.

While one looks anxiously at these symptoms of decay, there is much on the other hand that might easily escape a superficial consideration which should not be overlooked. The situation does not justify us in indulging in complaints and accusations. A sincere sense of truth will not allow us to exclude unpleasant facts. Neither will it blind us however to hidden sources of strength.

The family is still here in all its states and stages. It is still here, even in the most wretched overcrowded tenement dwellings. Even the working boys and girls are always ready, whenever their voice is heard, to testify to what a mother's love means to them, and the working man knows too the blessing it is to have a home to which

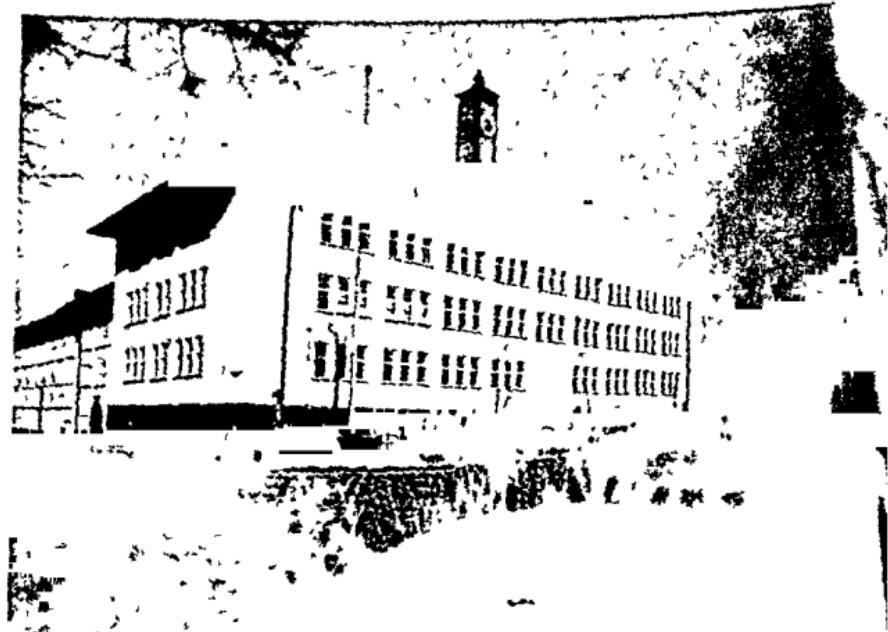


Class-room in an East Prussian School

he can always return. The German family of today is putting up a very stout resistance to this tremendous menace to its existence. Under the pressure of a growing need the united will to live of the people is being urged forward to a fresh manifestation and to a newly awakened sense of family life.

It is impossible to help admiring the astounding sacrifices the working classes will make to have a simple home of their own and the opportunity of family life however modest. One has only to go through our numerous bungalow colonies, or through the people's allotment gardens, or to see the working classes on their Sunday excursions through forest and field to have no doubt about this. The German sense of family life demonstrates its vitality even in times of privation.

It is certainly the duty of all who are in any way responsible for the future of Germany to arouse and strengthen this national family feeling.



Königsberg, Friedrich Ebert School

The most pressing tasks for those who are trying to combat the enemies of our family life are, social measures against miserable dwellings, the provision of possibilities for homes by colonies and land transference, aid for large families, and a practical form of fiscal legislation.

A healthy family life is the most valuable national asset, and no sacrifice can be too great to preserve and to develop it.

Hugo Hickmann

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Peasant Proprietor's Farm - Goulowshot Colony
District of Johannishöhe Built in 1920

TOILERS UNDER A CLOUD

WORKING harmoniously in pre-war days as an integral part of the German Empire for the economic and cultural development of the Fatherland, East Prussia—the cradle of the Prussian people—could justly be proud of the part that destiny had called upon it to play.

But converted into an island and isolated from the rest of the Reich through the creation of the corridor, the conditions of life for East Prussia underwent radical change.

Separated from the Fatherland, this virile population of 2.3 million people of the purest German stock will no longer be able to walk in the vanguard of progress. All its energy is absorbed in the defence of its own national character, in building anew on the 700 year old tradition



Pensioned-off Settler's Homes Güttenboden, District
of Mohrungen A little land belongs to each house

created by the Knights of the Teutonic Order. The woods, lakes, cities—in fact the whole country—in which the development of German culture went on unhindered for 700 years and from which very often intellectual evolution was pioneered and political policy determined, first for Prussia alone, later for federated Germany, must be preserved intact.

It is hard for East Prussia to go on working in the shadow of clouds of uncertainty and doubt. All productive economic work depends primarily on a sense of absolute security. And for East Prussia the basis of productive work is the maintenance of the self-supporting German family. Can one sustain the desire to work and the will to live in face of the ever-present fear that great fundamental political and economic changes may at any moment imperil the existence of this isolated territory? If hostilities should ever break out, would this Teutonic island

again be able to stem the onrush as did the Marienburg in 1412? And how should its people prevent the conquerors from destroying their nationality by force?

Exposed by its insular position to the influences of hostile elements, only a people firmly attached to the soil and indissolubly united in economic and cultural ideals can preserve its national individuality.

In conformity with this belief, East Prussia has resolutely set itself to colonise its territory with German settlers, so as to strengthen the basis for a uniform development in economic life and work. This policy has been adopted in the belief that the moral worth of a dense and uniform national population, composed of settled families, is the best safeguard against the penetration of foreign elements.



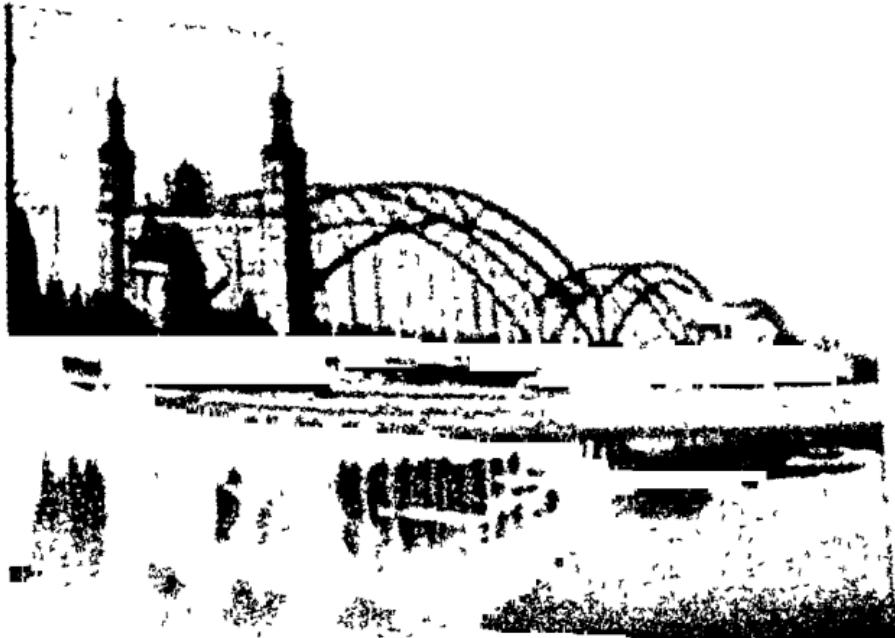
Garden City Settlement near the town of Friedland, district of Bartenstein. Built in 1929. Every man his own house and a plot of land

Fortunately for the promotion of this colonisatic scheme, we have land enough in East Prussia, not only for retaining the population already belonging to the province, but also for attracting home again those who left East Prussia in their youth to seek employment in the industries of Western Germany.

Thousands of such settlements have been created in East Prussia in the last few years. The larger landed estates, whose independence has been more and more undermined by the falling prices of grain on the world's markets, have been systematically bought up and turned into colonies of 30 to 60 settlers to a village. The work of these settlers is so organised that each family forms an economic unit, but these families are in turn organised into co-operative societies for the regulation of production and marketing. The capital required as deposit on the purchase price of the land is not great. And loans are made at low rates of interest. But the most powerful factor in ensuring success is the traditional German tenacity of character which enables these exiled settlers to set to work on a piece of land and produce from it a virile homestead with house and family, stables and animals, barn and harvest.

To these pioneers of a re-vitalised East Prussia, material prosperity is by no means the most urgent consideration. Much more important to them is the certitude that their land should be safe for themselves and their families. Will the future bring them the success so ardently desired? The East Prussian poet Johann Gottfried Herder said: „Lasset uns, meine Brüder, mit mutigem, fröhlichem Herzen, auch mitten unter der Wolke arbeiten; denn wir arbeiten zu einer großen Zukunft. Und lasset uns unser Ziel so rein, so hell, so schlackenfrei annehmen, als wir's können; denn wir laufen im Irrlicht und Dämmerung und Nebel.“

Ernst Nadelny



TILSIT AN OUTPOST OF WESTERN CULTURE

THE Knights of the Teutonic Order, those hardy and plowmen colonists of five centuries ago, founded the settlement that became the town of Tilsit on the spot best adapted for crossing the river Memel. To-day the mighty span of the Queen Louise bridge reaches across where the knights sent their boats and joins East to West. Tilsit is the last outpost of Western culture at the very doors of Russia. But its face is turned westward, and a very significant proof of the fact is the unusually large proportion of children learning English in the local schools. Tilsit has only 51,000 inhabitants, but in 14 classes of the municipal boys' school 536 boys are learning English. The proportion among the girls is still higher—1135 pupils in 34 classes. In the 5 classes of the two municipal commercial schools there are 135 students of English. The spirit of the pioneer wandering knights—culture of the soil and culture of the mind—still flourishes and bears brave fruits in old Tilsit, Germany's most easterly frontier town, after five hundred years.



Hochmeister Palace of the Marienburg in 1794
Drawing by F. Gilly

EAST PRUSSIA GERMANY'S EASTERN OUTPOST

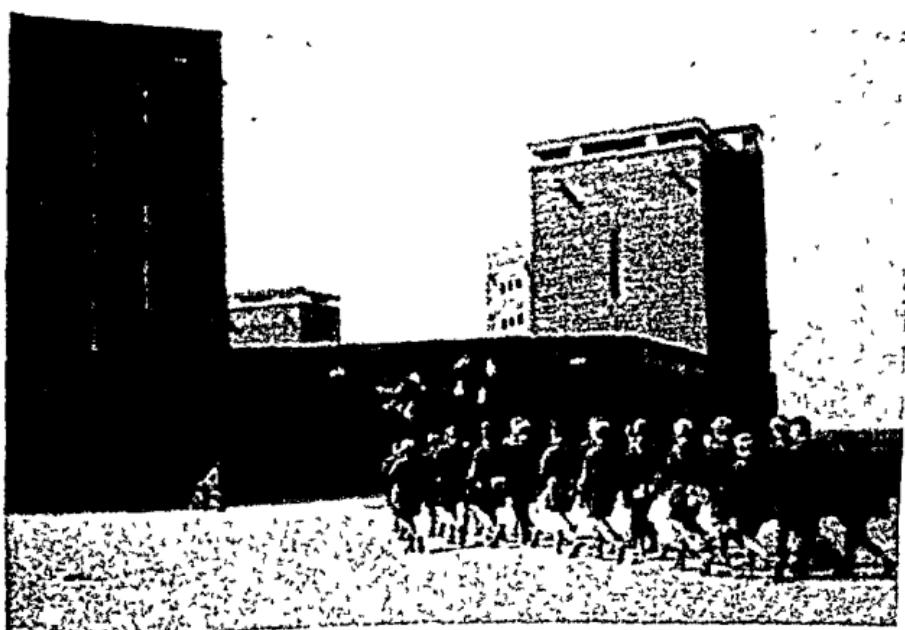
EVERYONE who has really learned to know East Prussia has also learned to love it—with the peculiar beauty of its landscapes, the historic impressiveness of its cities and its rugged, sturdy and true-hearted inhabitants.

Heathen Prussia was colonised more than 700 years ago by the Knights of the Teutonic Order, and behind them stood the will to Christendom of the whole mediaeval world. Cathedrals and castles remain to witness to East Prussia's being. In Königsberg, the capital of East Prussia, separated by the Dictate of Versailles from the German mother country by the so-called "Polish Corridor", stands like a warning sign the castle of the Order, which later became a residence of Prussian kings. The Marienburg on the shores of the Nogat is a costly reliquary, not only of the finest flower of mediaeval art but also a witness of strong and statesmanlike purpose. The castle and cathedral of Marienwerder keep the watch on the Vistula

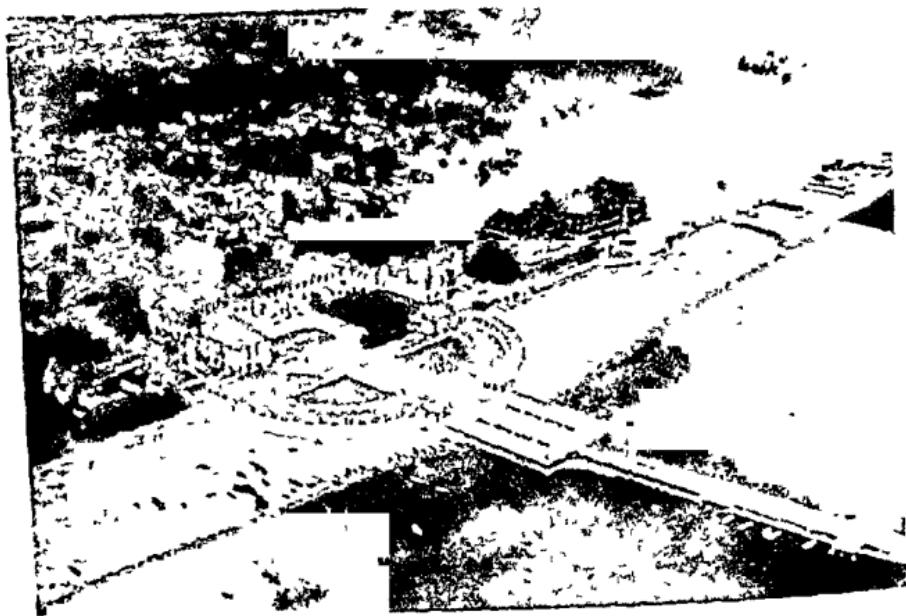
on that frontier of the Vistula which is the most eloquent example of the lack of understanding and arbitrary nature of the "Peace of Versailles."

The castles and cathedrals rise up in a landscape whose principal beauty is perhaps its very variety. Here we find the steep and romantic gorges of the rocky Samland coast where amber is found, the amber land whose name was known in grey days of old as far as Asia and Africa. Here lies the Kurische Nehrung, that hundred kilometres of land, a long, narrow strip between the haff and the Baltic, with the mighty wandering dunes which are the highest in the world, with the world-famous bird observatory and the motorless flight grounds. The fairylke beauty of a thousand lakes surrounded by murmuring woods is found in Masuria, the land that saw some of the greatest struggles of the World War. Where Hindenburg called a mighty halt to the onward march of the Russian army, we see to-day the massive and soaring towers of the Tannenberg National Memorial.

Its landscape full of virginal charm, itself a focal point of European politics — that is East Prussia.



Tannenberg National Memorial near Hohenstein



ZOPPOT A BALTIC WATERING-PLACE

ZOPPOT (Free City of Danzig) is the first German watering-place touched by ship and train on the journey towards the German east. It is an elegant little spa with an international public. Its amusement, sports and musical programme is worthy of any of the great European spas. Yet the low rate of exchange (the Danzig Gulden is worth about ninepence halfpenny) renders a visit possible for travellers of limited means. Zoppot has an average of 28,000 guests every season on account of the many cures that can be taken here, medical baths, moor baths, saline baths and milk and mineral water cures under doctor's orders.

Opera performances will be given as usual in late summer in the famous open-air woodland theatre. Here, where "Parsifal" and the "Meistersinger" have already been heard and Knappertsbusch and Kleiber have wielded the baton, Professor Hans Pfitzner will conduct the 1st Cycle of the "Ring der Nibelungen" on July 26th, 28th and 30th. On August 2nd, 4th and 6th, Zoppot woods will ring to the strains of the 2nd Cycle, conducted by Dr Max von Schillings.

The Sport and Aquatic Week in Zoppot from July 12th to July 26th offers contests of international interest.

Last and by no means least, mention must be made of the large and elegant Casino. Roulette and baccarat are continually played at many tables in the same elegant style as at Monte Carlo. A particular charm of Zoppot is the woods which grow almost to the water's edge, affording delightful promenades. No-one gets bored in Zoppot.



View of Rathaus, Marienkirche and Kramtor
from the Motlau

DANZIG

THE free city of Danzig, which has been a sovereign state since 1920, has been a favourite goal of tourists for many years owing to its particularly delightful situation and its great economic development.

Numerous monuments render Danzig one of the most picturesque old places on the Continent. What makes these buildings, churches and towers, so charming and so incomparable is the wonderful un-spoiled mediæval background wherein they stand. The valuable treasures of profane and ecclesiastical art in this ancient city form an inexhaustible source of information for the historian, and the historical streets, the old lanes and alleys with their quaint raised platforms and open air seats and the happy mixture of mediæval beauty and modern commercial enterprise pervading the city make it an ideal place for congresses of any kind. You cannot visit the "Queen of the Baltic" without being won over by her charms.

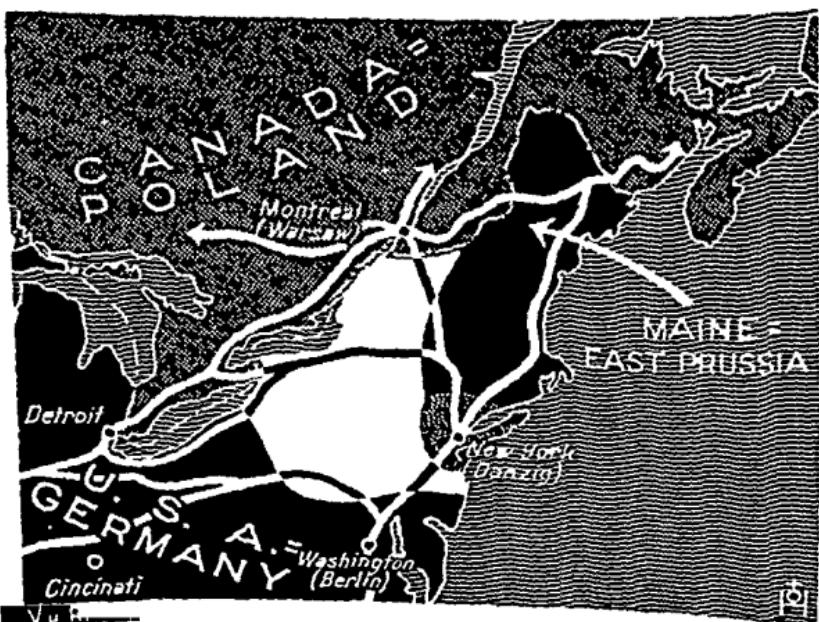
The city may be conveniently reached by air, water or railway. The free city itself demands no visa either for entering or leaving its territory. A Polish visa is necessary, when passing through Polish territory in other than "visumfreien" (free of visas) trains.—Motorists from England require a Triptych from England to Germany as well as a special Triptych for Poland. An international driver's license and the ordinary identification papers are also necessary.

Information will be gladly furnished free of charge by the Danziger Verkehrszentrale E. V., Stadtgraben 5, Danzig

DO AS YOU WOULD

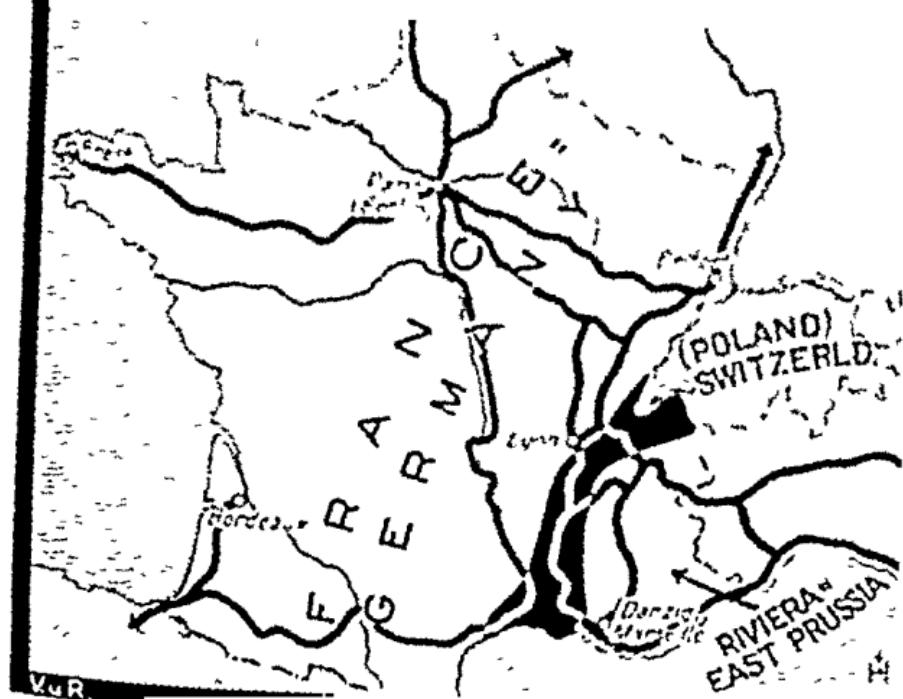


POLISH CORRIDOR THROUGH GERMANY

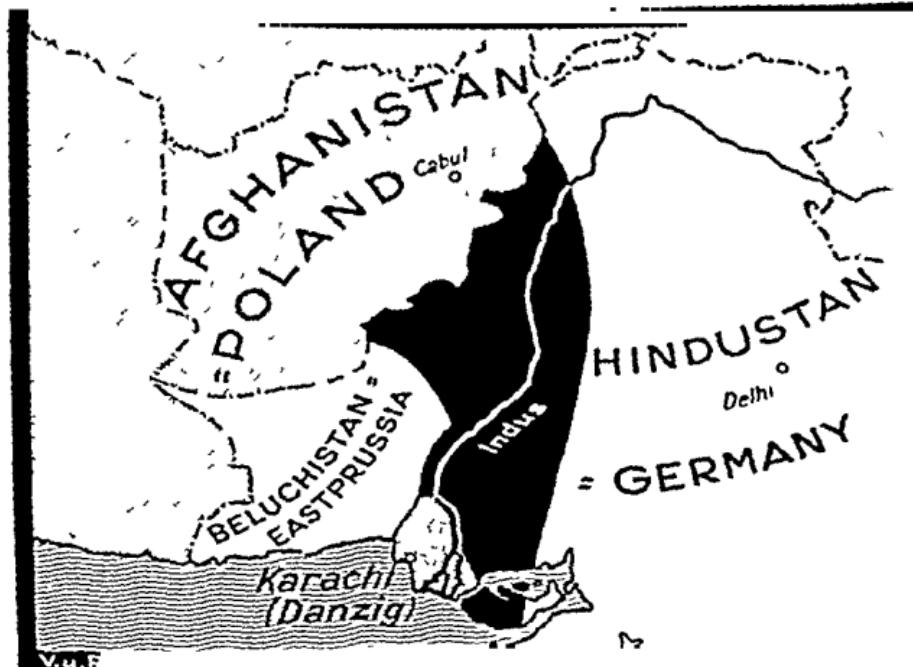


Suppose Canada ran a corridor through the United States

BE DONE BY



Suppose Switzerland ran a corridor through France



Suppose Afghanistan ran a corridor through India

NEW BOOKS ABOUT THE POLISH CORRIDOR

The Polish Corridor and the Consequences by Sir Robert Donald. 12s 6d net pp. 302. London: Thornton Butterworth, 1929 — Objective, thorough, and containing good suggestions for reforms.

Eastern Frontiers of Germany by René Martel. 7s. 6d. net. pp. 199 London. Williams & Norgate, 1930 — A careful study of conditions in Eastern Europe by the best French expert on the subject.

Der Riss im Osten (The Rent in the East) by Werner-Rades. RM 3.—. pp 160. Berlin: Wirtschaftspolitische Gesellschaft, 1931 — The best German publication. Text under maps and illustrations in English.

Poland's Westward Trend by R B Hansen. Foreword by A Müller. 3s 6d net pp 92 London Allen & Unwin, 1928. — The work of a German-American with anti-Polish views

The Re-Birth of Poland by W. K Korostowetz. 10s. 6d net. pp 318 Bles, Pall Mall, London, 1928 — A history of the foundation of the Polish state by a Russian who takes a critical attitude towards Poland

The Fruits of Folly by Anonym 21/—, pp 320. London: Hutchinson & Co., 1929 — Contains a very good chapter on the German-Polish question. Objective explanation of great and complicated matters.

Britain and the Baltic by E W Polson-Newman. 10s. 6d net pp. 276. London Methuen & Co., 1930 — Good, objective, cautious judgments.

America and the New Poland by H. H Fisher and S. Brooks \$ 3.50 pp 403. New York, Macmillan, 1928. — Treats of American-Polish relations but one-sidedly derives its entire information from Polish sources

German-Polish Relations. Danzig, the Polish Corridor, East Prussia, Upper Silesia, 25c. New York: Foreign Policy Association, 1927. Vol 3, no. 12 — Contains only material, expressing no point of view.

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The Polish Corridor, East Prussia and the Peace by Proeller. 6d net. pp. 16 London. Williams & Norgate, 1929 — A German Publication

The Germans in Poland by Axel Schmidt. 6d net. pp 18. London. Williams & Norgate, 1929 — A German Publication.

Sufferings of Eastern Germany by F. Warner. RM. 2.40 pp. 64. Berlin Reimar Hobbing, 1930 — A German Publication.

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Poland, Germany, and the Corridor by C. Smogorzewski. 6/-, pp. 164 London. Williams & Norgate, 1930 — A Polish propaganda publication by the chief of the Press department of the Polish Embassy in Paris

Eagles Black and White The Fight for the sea by „Augur” (Pseudonym) Vladimir Poliakoff. 5/- pp 206 \$ 1.50, pp 205 London, New York: Appleton & Co. 1929. — Decidedly anti-German work by the Russian writer Poliakoff. East Europe in editor of the „Times.”

*

Anthology of Foreign Opinions on the Corridor Question by Murawski. pp 241 270 RM 4.— Magazine „Volk und Reich,” Berlin W 30, Nr. 4 5, April 1931 — An excellent study, written in German.



In the Glatz Mountains

BEAUTIFUL SILESIA — ROMANTIC BRESLAU

THOSE who come from England or America to pay a visit to Germany almost invariably content themselves with passing through western and central Germany and completely overlook the fact that the east also, and above all Silesia, is characterised by the extraordinary beauty of its scenery and its towns. Silesia combines every kind of attraction that can be found in Germany. Of its mountains—the highest in Germany excepting the Upper Bavarian Alps—the Riesengebirge have an alpine character. Others rival the famous Black Forest and the Thuringian Forest, while its towns, ancient castles and art-endowed monasteries compete for attention with those of western, southern and central Germany. Its luxurious forests, often almost virgin, are unique in Germany. Everything considered, Silesia may justly claim to be one of the most beautiful provinces of the Reich. From the Saxon frontier southwards to the romantic source of the Oder, there is a mighty chain of mountains called the

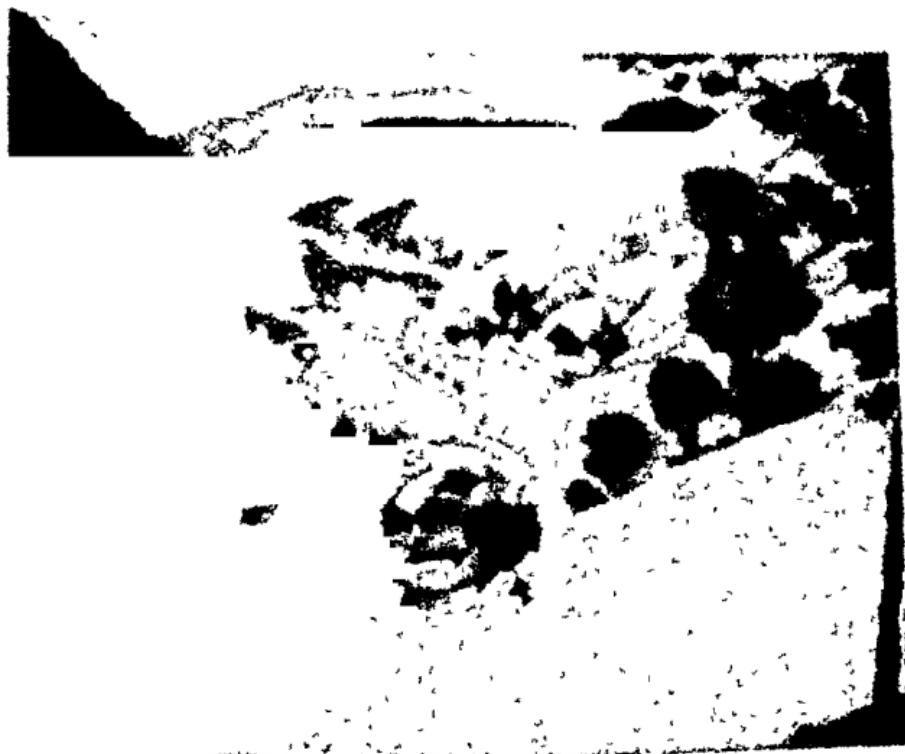


In the Waldenburg Mountains

Sudeten. Here is found the choicest Silesian scenery. The mountain chain is 200 kilometres long and contains a great number of celebrated baths, fresh air resorts, ancient towns, castles, monasteries and pilgrimage churches.

First in order of the Silesian mountain chains are the Riesen- and Isergebirge. Of them all, only the Riesengebirge, with the picturesque gorges of the Schneegruben, the Grosser and Kleiner Teich, its celebrated valleys, its gigantic granite peaks like the Schneekoppe (the highest in North Germany) over 1600 metres high, has alpine character. But the Isergebirge mountain scenery is also very impressive with its boundless melancholy forests, its lonely moors and its romantic gorges.

The Stolpischschlucht served as the inspiration for the setting of the Wolfsschlucht in the opera "Freischütz". Many visitors go to Flinsberg in the Isergebirge for the treatment of heart and nervous derangements and for women's diseases, to Schreiberhau, to Krummhübel, to Brückenberg-Warmbrunn (for rheumatism, gout and ischias), to Hermsdorf in the Riesengebirge and to Spindlermühle on the Bohemian side.



In the Eulengebirge

Of the old towns worth visiting may be mentioned Gorlitz, with its charming Renaissance buildings, Hirschberg, the starting point for trips to the Riesengebirge, Schmiedeberg, Liebau, Landshut in the neighbourhood of the richly-ornamented monastery Grüssau and, in the highly romantic Boberkatzbachgebirge, the Renaissance town of Lowenberg, the very-elevated Goldberg and the fortress city of Bolkenhain with the two strongholds Bolkoburg and Schweinhausburg.

Continuing past the Riesengebirge we come to the Waldenburger- and Eulengebirge (over 1000 metres high) with their romantic spurs, full of precipitous slopes, recalling the most celebrated parts of Thüringen. Here also are many popular watering-places and air-cure resorts such as Bad Salzbrunn (the greatest medicinal bath for catarrh in East Germany, celebrated also for the treatment of kidney and gout troubles) at the foot of the Hochwald not far from the Fürstensteiner Valley and the interesting castle of Fürstenstein. Görbersdorf, in its highly-romantic situation, is celebrated as the resort of

those with pulmonary troubles. Of the towns, the following are worthy of mention: the industrial town of Waldenburg, the old-fashioned Friedland, starting point for the mountain towns of Adersbach and Wekelsdorf almost unique in their own way. High above the Bergsee of the Schlesiertal tower the ruins of Kynsburg. Here the Eulengebirge joins the spur of the Sudeten with gigantic boulder formation and yawning abysses. One approaches these mountains from the ancient towns of Schweidnitz, Reichenbach, Frankenstein and, on the Eulengebirge itself, the old fortress of Silberberg.

Following the Eulengebirge comes the Glatzgebirge, a range of peaks 900 metres high, which, pierced by deep, densely-wooded ravines resembles the Black Forest of South Germany. Many of the baths of the Glatzgebirge are very famous, for instance: Altheide (for heart and nervous complaints, women's diseases, rheumatism, gout, kidney and digestive disorders as well as catarrh of every kind), Kudowa (for heart, nervous, blood and kidney troubles and diseases of women), Landeck (for women's diseases, nervous disorders, gout and rheumatism, diseases of the bones and respiratory system, skin disorders and anaemia), Langenau (for heart, nervous, female complaints, rheumatism, gout and ischias) and the fresh air resort of Wölfelgrund. The town of Glatz with its donjon, its treasures of baroque and renaissance art and Habelschwerdt resembling the Bavarian Rothenburg are both much visited. Above the baths of Glatz rises the Heuscheuergebirge, a sandstone chain, very rugged and with highly interesting rock formations.

The last of the Silesian mountain chains is the Altwatergebirge, 1500 metres high which, however, is for the most part on the Bohemian side of the frontier. On the German side is Bad Ziegenhals (with medical institute for the treatment of all kinds of ailments). Round about the Glatzer-, Eulen- and Waldenburgergebirge is a charming hill country where the famous old towns of Münsterberg, Nimptsch, Strehlen, the richly-adorned monastery of Heinrichau, the Zobtengebirge (over 700 metres high), the sacred mountain of the Teutons described by Tacitus with its 4000 year old prehistoric defence works and many other things are well worth visiting.



Winter in the Riesengebirge

Intensely interesting is the Seenland on the Polish frontier whose neighbourhood is richly-denized with rare birds, and whose gigantic ponds supply half Germany with fish. Then too there is the Grünberger country, the most northerly vineyards in Europe. Near the old ducal town of Glogau is the 11 kilometre long Schlawasee, moor and fen country with the interesting ducal cities of Liegnitz, Sagan, Beuthen-on-the-Oder, Upper Silesia with its extensive forests and the ancient towns of Neisse and Patschkau (called the „Silesian Rome“) resembling the celebrated Rothenburg and, like it, surrounded with stone walls, immense gates and defence towers. There are Oppeln, Kreuzburg, the birthplace of the poet Gustav Freytag and the busy industrial city of Gleiwitz.

Of all the cities of Silesia, Breslau, the capital, is specially interesting. It is one of the most beautiful capitals of Germany and is the largest and most important commercial and industrial city of Eastern Germany (617,000 inhabitants). The old gabled patrician houses of the mediaeval "city", the Rathaus—that celebrated piece of civic architecture of the 14th—16th centuries, the mighty churches—that of Saint Elizabeth, the old patrician church of Breslau with its magnificent monuments, the Doro-

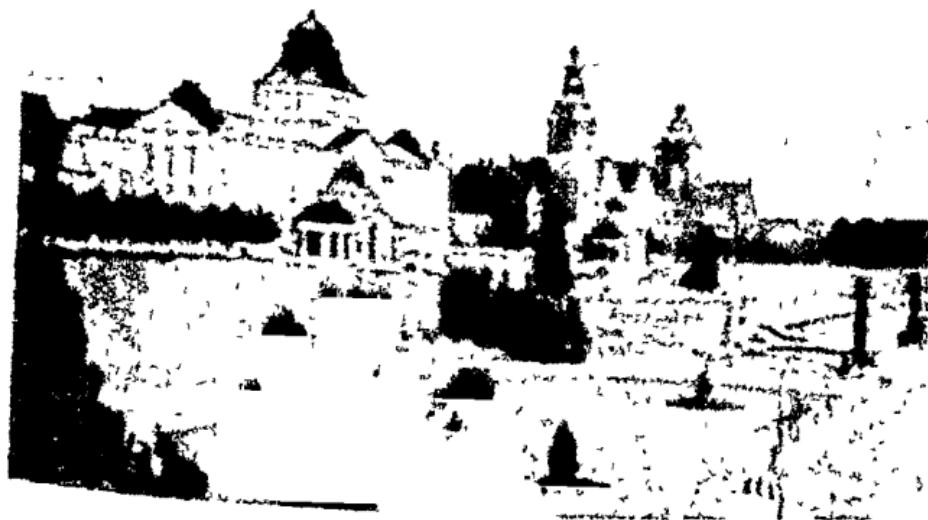
theen- and Vinzens-churches (grave of Duke Heinrich II, the hero of the battle against the Mongols)—the Cathedral with its artistic monuments by German and Italian masters, the magnificent church of the Cross (grave of Duke Heinrich IV, the Minnesänger), the mighty Sandchurch, these three uniting to form a picture of unexcelled beauty, the many baroque buildings of Breslau including the University and Matthias Church, the picturesque Weissgerberole made famous by the novel of Gustav Freytag "Soll und Haben"—everything recalls the proud and prosperous past of this old centre of commerce and culture.

In recent years, promenades have been laid from the ancient "city" to the famous Scheitniger Park crowned by the Liebichshöhe and Holteihöhe. In Scheitniger Park are the gigantic buildings specially erected for the celebrations of the centenary of the War of Independence, the Centenary Hall with the second-largest dome and organ in the world, the Exhibition Building, the Terrace along the lake with the 800 metres long pergola, one of the most imposing promenades in the world, to which recently the Messehof, with seating room for 25,000 people, has been added. Quite near is the beautifully laid-out Zoological Gardens with a fine collection of animals, also the new stadium with the most extensive playgrounds in Europe, the bathing pool (Leerbeutel) and the new residential quarter of Zimpel-Bartheln. Industrially, Breslau leads in many industries, notably in machine-making and textiles. Life in the city is exceedingly pleasant, the people being noted for their sociability. There are many good theatres, concerts, museums etc. providing entertainment and instruction.

Silesia, with its high mountains and its eastern situation is an excellent winter sport country. Ski-ing, bob-sleighing and ice-skating are cultivated at all its mountain resorts. Every winter, great contests are organised. Even in the larger cities, skating contests are arranged.

Further particulars may be found in the little booklet "Beautiful Silesia" furnished gratis on demand at any travel bureau or by post from Verkehramt, Gartenstrasse 96, Breslau.

Georg Hallama



Stettin, Haken Terrace

STETTIN THE GATEWAY OF THE BALTIC

STETTIN is the capital of Pomerania, and has about 270,000 inhabitants. It lies barely thirty-two miles from the Baltic Sea on the widely-branching river Oder. The city and harbour of Stettin are not only important as transit station, but have much to recommend them to the visitor for a shorter or longer stay. No town is better adapted as a centre of the charming country separating the purely inland towns from the bathing resorts on the Baltic coast. There are plenty of comfortable direct trains to Stettin from Berlin (only two hours by express), Breslau, Hamburg, Lübeck, Danzig and Königsberg. There are regular passenger and freight services with good connections to Finland, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and all North Sea, Baltic and Mediterranean harbours. There are flight services between Stettin and Berlin, Danzig, Königsberg, Kalmar, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Oslo.

Thanks to its old Baltic experience, its favourable geographical position, and not least to the perfection of its harbour, which



Stettin, New Warehouse

is laid out on a very large scale, Stettin of all the once numerous Hanseatic cities of the Baltic has been able to develop itself into the most important traffic centre of Eastern Europe. Stettin is Germany's greatest Baltic harbour and Prussia's largest port. Stettin harbour occupies a continually increasing share of public attention, for all the arteries of Eastern Europe—the traffic routes—run together here. Stettin is directly connected with all the great traffic routes of the world. Both the harbour and the river Oder have a depth of 24 to 25 feet, and all preconditions for a world-traffic harbour are therefore fulfilled. It is a fact that ships from all parts of the world touch at the port of Stettin.

The spacious and extremely modern harbour appointments are a sight worth seeing and above all they guarantee a swift and inexpensive turnover of goods. In the centre of activities is the free harbour, opened in 1898 and devoted in the main to the reception of oversea traffic. An impressive building, the only one of its kind in Europe, is the new open warehouse, six stories high, over six hundred feet in length and over a hundred feet broad. The warehouse is built of iron concrete, has an

available area of over 40,000 square yards, exclusive of the loading stage and can accommodate 65,000 tons of goods. Numerous other technical contrivances of the most modern description, such as cranes, derricks capable of raising 15 tons, coal shoots, floating cranes, refrigerator plants and so on, all aid in giving the harbour a truly unique character.

Commerce and trade have especially flourished on account of the proximity of the harbour. In Stettin and its immediate environs there are docks and shipyards, cement, iron and other works, textile, chemical, paper, cardboard and sugar factories and breweries. Then there is the Stoewer automobile works, the Feldmühle paper mills, oil mills and various ship owning firms. Land is available for industrial and other economic settlements to any extent desired, good sites, with or without water laid on or immediate access to the railway. Outside the German frontiers, Czechoslovakia, parts of Poland, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Austria and Roumania belong to Stettin's economic hinterland.

But Stettin is not only a progressive port and industrial town: it also has many other features of interest. Varying and manifold are the charms which allure the visitor and send him away filled with enduring memories.

There are many pleasant parks in the interior of the town, broad avenues and fine wide streets, as well as many a pearl of ancient architecture, not to forget interesting specimens of modern building. We should mention the castle of the former dukes of Pomerania, the church of St. James', (in one of the pillars of the organ there is a small casket containing the heart of the balladist and composer Carl Loewe), the Town Hall, the Provincial Courts of Justice, the Berlin Gate and the King's Gate as well as the Haken Terrace, one of the most famous laid-out parks in Germany, affording a glorious view of the Old Town and the harbour. Museums, theatres and other places of instruction and amusement as well as numerous excellent hotels and restaurants provide for the physical and mental well-being of the visitor. Everyone is surprised at the beauty of the town with its green spaces and parks and its new modern residential sections. The woods reach to the very

doors of the town. The most beautiful and interesting points are easily reached by means of round trips in the harbour and circular tours of the town. Stettin is surrounded for a considerable distance by lovely woods, hills, lakes and watercourses, as well as numerous easily reached suburbs and villages favoured by excursionists.

It is worth while to stay in Stettin, not only for a few hours, but for several days. Won't you come and see Stettin?

Information of every kind from the Municipal Traffic Office, "Städtisches Verkehrsamt, Stettin, Rathaus," and the "Stettiner Verkehrsverein, Berliner Tor 5."



Knocker at the Portal of St. Mary's
Church, Stettin

ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE, AND NORTH GERMAN BRICK CATHEDRALS

WHO would expect to find traces of English inspiration and English influence in church building scattered all over North Germany up to the coasts of the Baltic? Time's ravages have brought it about that more numerous examples of an English architectural ideal may perhaps be found than exist in England itself, where many a noble old abbey fell a victim to internal wars and the misplaced zeal of pious reformers, until often only a bit of lacy tracery here or a fine Norman window there remains to tell of past glories.

North Germany was originally a land of adventurous colonists, unburdened with traditions. It was a land whose coast cities were wont to do business overseas and whose merchants travelled and saw the world and were receptive of foreign ideas. As the cities grew rich and powerful, their grateful founders and supporters wished to do glory to God in a manner worthy of the city's prosperity and the best was none too good. Builders and architects sometimes rose on the mother soil and sometimes were fetched from afar. The rivalry between trading neighbours found expression in their building: when one of them succeeded in a mighty, massive and impressive building of a new design, his neighbours far and wide were very apt to copy it, and so we get the "series," in which, unfortunately, the copyists usually succeeded only in weakening the original effect. Yet how mightily these builders often did succeed! Two main tendencies were at work—the overseas idea in the Hanseatic cities, drawing a measure of inspiration from England, later from Holland, more rarely from France; and the monkish buildings inland, where the churches erected by monks of the Cistercian order, as in Dargun, a fine example of Perpendicular, frequently betray English influences.

It was the lack of building stone in the immediate vicinity which led to the building of brick churches, and it is the glory of their builders that they did not attempt the effects proper to stone in the new medium, but created new effects of their own.

The technique of building in brick came from Upper Italy and the credit of introducing it into the North seems, in spite



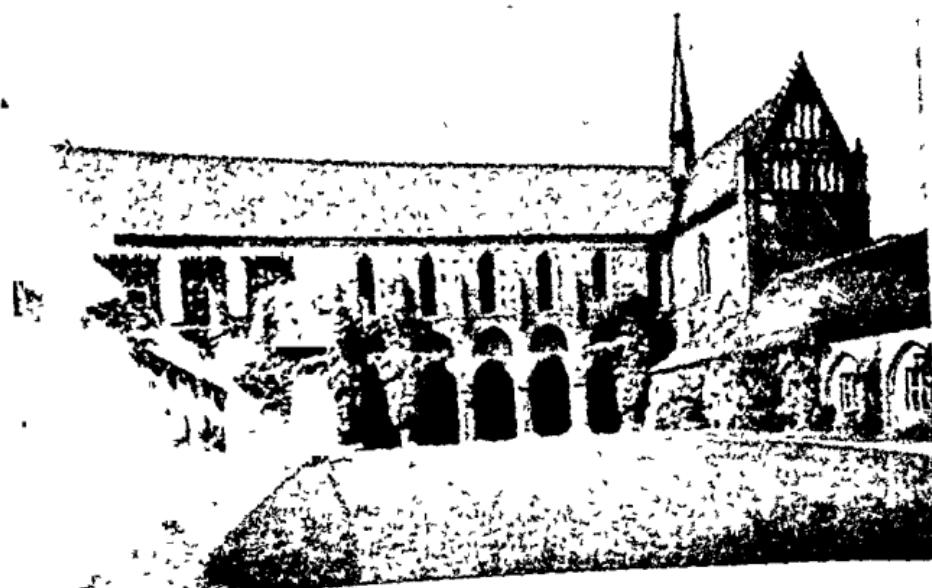
The Market Place of Stargard

of certain tentative efforts in Brandenburg, to belong to King Waldemar the Great of Denmark and his chancellor Bishop Absalon of Roskilde. Immediately after followed his great rival for the mastery of the Baltic, the Saxon Duke Henry the Lion. By the year 1200 a number of great brick churches were in course of erection. As Dr. Werner Burmeister points out in his beautiful book "Norddeutsche Backsteindome", (Deutscher Kunstverlag, Berlin, 1930, splendid photos by Albert Renger-Patzsch) from which our material is taken, the very severity of the brick cathedral, the very necessity to refrain from elaborate carving, such as the builder in stone is naturally tempted to indulge in, agreed with the sterner Northern nature of the builders. Bizarre, fantastic forms, a lack of harmonious rounding out, a certain inner conflict—all these are typical of the Northerner—his main aim is massive vastness rather than grace, and the great space of the nave without divisions was akin to his spirit. The wonderful Marienkirche of Lübeck, that "heroic song in stone" was the first to adopt the French Gothic basilica system, but since the builder was an architect of genius, the result was a masterpiece which excited emulation

It is earlier than Gothic work in Bruges, Utrecht or Ghent and henceforth we find many basilicas in the coast towns as well as combinations of both types, whereas the type with the open nave persisted in the interior of the country.

Vast in their proportions, impressive and glowing are these great churches with their red walls and the red roofs with wooden tiles—in the beginning the roofs were of lead or copper, but it was soon perceived that a unity of colour was more effective and as early as the 15th century, Wismar and Danzig, Thorn and Breslau all covered their roofs with red wooden tiles.

In the Marienkirche of New Brandenburg, English influence is to be traced in the broad blunt choir and the whole rich outer decoration of the gable-end is Norman in character. The rosettes, rhomboids and running patterns found, for instance in Wismar, are typically English. English too, is the pleasant usage of isolating the church in its own green close which makes so much of the charm of English abbeys. In South Germany the cathedral is always planted in the midst of a huddle of

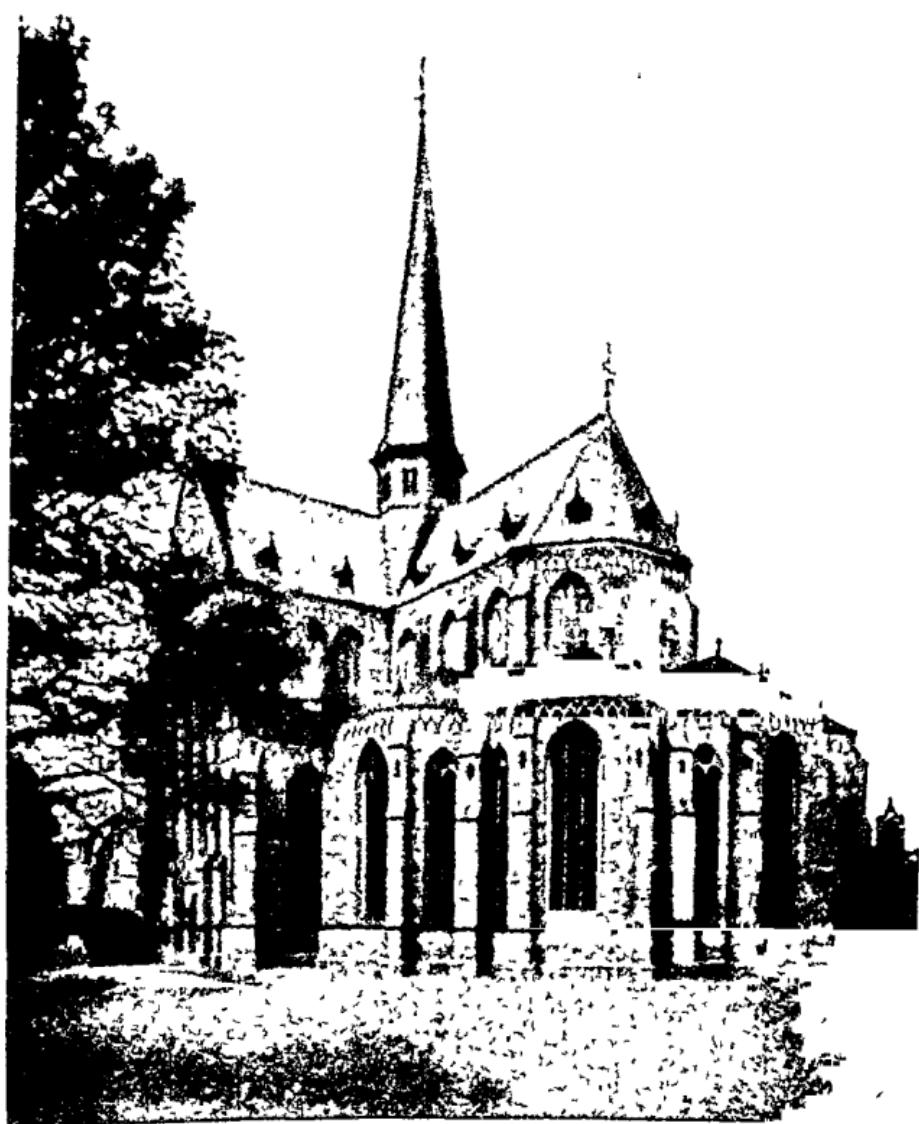


Monastery of Chorin

houses, which gives it a certain intimacy, but detracts from its dignity and old-world charm. The brick portals of the churches are not vast and filled out with intricate figures, but reticent and relatively small in proportion to the spacious interiors, and here again we see English influence—as in Wismar, Doberan, Stralsund—with its flat Tudor arches.

A glory of the Electorate of Brandenburg is the cloister of Chorin—also originally a Cistercian monastery and built cruciform according to the laws of the order. Although to-day a ruin, the ancient splendour can still be traced. Here, as in the near-by cloister of Lehnin, the abbey church, whose Gothic spirit is in absolute contrast to French Gothic, is pervaded, as Professor Burmeister says, with "the mysterious breath of a foreign beauty." No doubt about the English influence here, and since the monks were accustomed to exchange visits and exercise their talents on foreign soil, it is even possible that the architect of Chorin was an Englishman. Be that as it may, there are enough pleasing reminders of home to remove the sense of strangeness in these otherwise so German abbeys and minsters. All ecclesiastical Gothic in North Germany from Hamburg and Lüneburg (round pillars as in Salisbury cathedral) to East Prussia and Livonia, is related to the glorious English church art of the 13th century. Königsberg and the wonderful Marienburg must be remembered. Frauenburg, East Prussia, even has an English ground plan and an English vaulted ceiling. In Rostock's Jacobikirche, in the buttresses of the Jacobikirche in Thorn and the English saddle roof of the Marienkirche in the same city, in beautiful Schwerin (Exeter, Ely) in Stargard's Marienkirche in Transition style, with a fine Norman triforium, the English traveller will find the touch of home. Even without such fascinating parallels, every lover of architecture must be charmed by these mighty works, expressing citizen pride and power as well as religious aspiration, with their warm red exteriors and their great interior expanses of light and shade, their vast soaring columns, their strange admixture of majesty and simplicity, or what has been aptly called "the expansive power of space," so characteristic of German Gothic.

Hans Dahlmann



CHURCH OF DOBERAN, MECKLENBURG



Rural Women's School, Rothenburg o/T.

RURAL WOMEN'S SCHOOLS IN GERMANY

THERE is a special type of school called "Wirtschaftliche Frauenschulen auf dem Lande" (of the "Reifensteiner Verband") which stands for a very interesting part of educational and cultural work in Germany.

About thirty schools are spread over the country, all of them in the midst of beautiful landscape. Some of them were specially built, but for most of them old houses were taken, formerly used for other purposes. Some fine old nunneries have been changed into women's schools, young girls now living in the cells of the nuns, working and laughing through the cross-arched vaults, halls and courts.

The schools are well equipped for all kinds of home farm-work, they have large gardens, fields, poultry, dairies and all that belongs to the rural life of a woman. The girls work in groups, each group spending a certain time at each kind of work in ordered succession. Besides the practical work, there are courses in science and economics to acquire theoretic understanding for the work done, some social courses (the schools have "Kindergärten" for practical work), courses in gymnastics and handicraft. The girls live in boarding houses and have their own administration. Each group elects one girl as leader, who has to represent the interests, wishes and ideas of her group. There is much good fellowship in work and play.

The schools offer several courses of instruction. The vocational education deals with the training of teachers of rural home economics and the training of country housekeepers. It takes five and a half to six years to become a teacher - one year of home economic school, two years of practical apprenticeship in rural households, two years of training in a "Wirtschaftliche Frauenschule", one year of apprenticeship in teaching - The way to become a country housekeeper is shorter and less expensive: two years of apprenticeship in rural households and one year of work and learning in a "Wirtschaftliche Frauenschule." Then the girls may become managers of the household on estates or in institutes of any kind. Besides the vocational training, there is a one year's course just for girls who wish to get some training in home economics, who want to become good housewives or who think that the training and the education of these schools might be of use in the future, no matter what kind of profession they are going to take up.

It has been proposed to make this year of women's training, "Frauenlehrjahr" as it is called, compulsory for all German girls after leaving school. This would be a very happy solution of the problem of giving an equally good education, at least for one year, to all girls. The "Frauenlehrjahr", spent in a "Wirtschaftliche Frauenschule" in the country, gives pupils the benefit of a healthy open-air life and contact with the work and needs and joys of country life.

Lotte Matschoss





HOW SCIENCE IS SOLVING THE FOOD PROBLEM

ONE hundred years ago, the density of population in Germany was 50 persons to the square kilometre. In 1910 it had become no less than 115. By 1927 the density had risen to 130. To cope with the problem of feeding this rapidly-increasing population, the soil was being taxed to its utmost yielding capacity. Nevertheless, even 20 years ago, the population had outrun the agricultural productive power so that it began to be necessary to import foodstuffs.

During the past ten years, however, the situation has become incomparably more difficult. As a result of the war, the area of Germany was reduced by nearly 15 percent. As the total population before the contraction was over 60 millions, the proportionate reduction of the total population would have been at least 9 millions. In reality, the population of the Reich is only 4 millions less than before. This anomaly is due to the fact that the ceded areas consisted mainly of sparsely-populated agricultural provinces. Thus the density of population under-

went a sudden increase, while some of the chief food producing areas were laid waste. The net result is that despite all efforts made to adjust the balance, Germany is to day obliged to import yearly no less than 2.5 milliards Reichsmarks worth of foreign foodstuffs.

Nothing reveals more strikingly the magnitude of the national effort this has necessitated than the figures showing the increase since 1913 in the amount of artificial fertilizers in use.

For 1913	1925 to Acres
165,000 tons Nitrogen	400,000 tons Nitrogen
550,000 tons Phosphoric Acid	500,000 tons Phosphoric Acid
400,000 tons Potash	700,000 tons Potash
1,000,000 tons Lime	1,500,000 tons Lime

Strange to say, however, the sum of money spent each year by Germany on fertilizers is today practically the same as it was 20 years ago—about M 500,000,000. Through the adoption of new processes and large scale manufacture, the costs of production have been considerably lowered. But much more surprising is the fact that the increased utilisation of artificial fertilizers in agriculture has actually cheapened the cost of food!

One kilogram*) of nitrogen and the correct proportions of potash and phosphorus will yield in Germany an average of 20 kilograms of grain. In practice, it is usual to spread about 40 kilograms of nitrogen over one hectare of land which corresponds to 2 centners of nitrate-fertilizer containing 20-percent of available nitrogen. This results in an increased grain yield of 8 centners over that from unmanured land. Taking 20 double-centners of grain as the average yield per hectare from cultivated land without fertilizers, this means that no less than 28 double-centners may be harvested from the same land when the right fertilizers are used. The fertilizers cost RM. 37.60. When grain prices are, say, RM. 18.— per double-centner, the extra yield is worth RM 144.— That is to say, a profit of RM 106.40. So that the cost of production of the total harvest of 28 double-centners was cheapened by M 3.80 per double-centner.

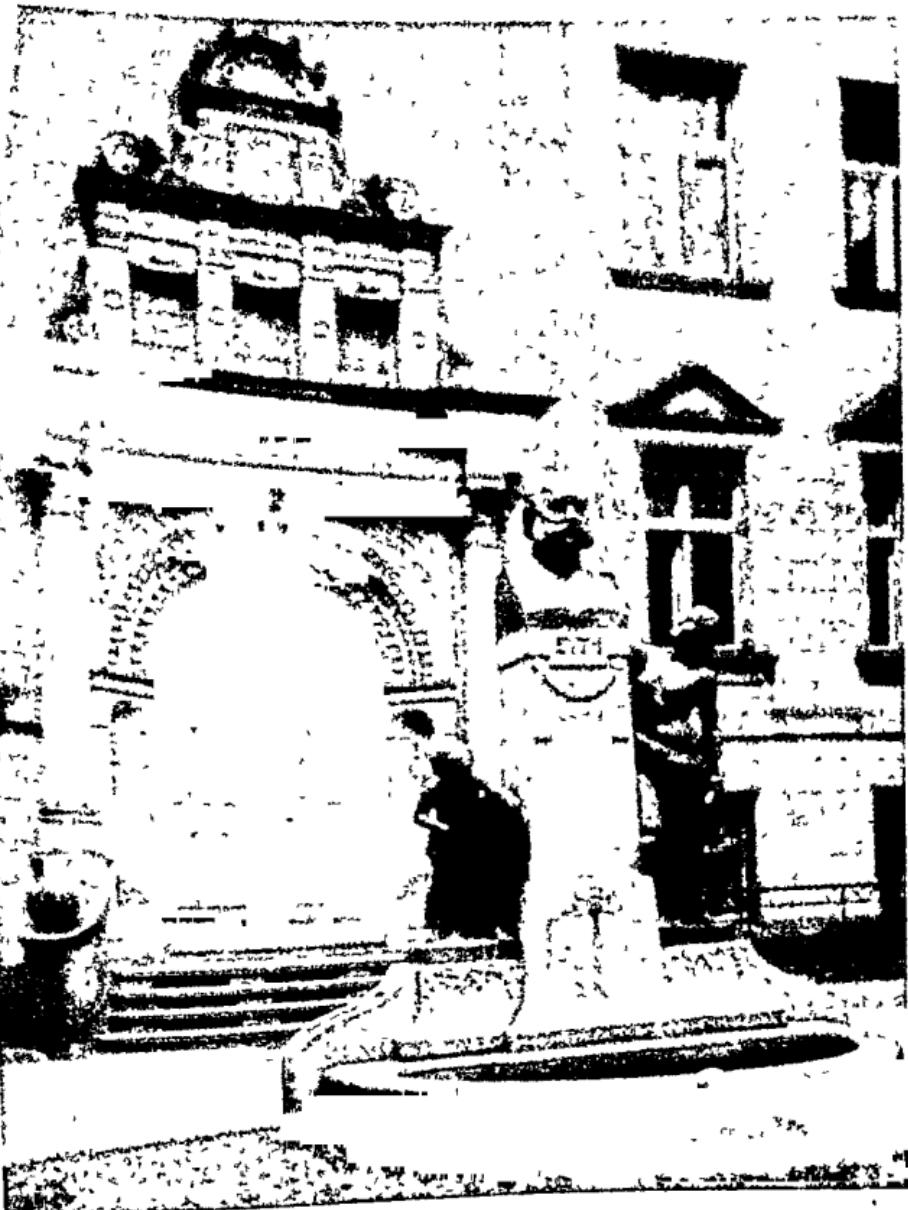
*) 1 Kilogram = 2½ lbs. The German Zentner (Centner) is approximately 1 cwt. A double centner = 1 Quintal. 1 Hectare = 2½ acres.

That this immense national effort of the past ten years must have been accompanied by correspondingly vast industrial developments is self-evident. One of the many enormous new creations of post-war days is the Leuna nitrogen-fixation works, which combines every year almost 500,000 tons of atmospheric nitrogen in a variety of forms each with its special adaptation to certain definite climatic and economic conditions in Germany. The Leuna Works are really the offspring of the parent plant at Ludwigshafen. About 50 kilometres to the north of Leuna is the nitrogen-fixation plant of Piesteritz where black calcium cyanamid is produced by the combination of calcium carbide and atmospheric nitrogen. In the coal-mining areas, there are plants where, in the process of coal distillation, the nitrogen contained in the coal is converted into ammonia, while for some years past, the escape gases from the blast furnaces of the heavy industries have been exploited for the recovery of nitrogen-fertilizers.

As net result of all these processes, Germany has not only been able to satisfy the entire demands of its own agriculture for nitrogen but already exports no less than 400,000 tons of nitrogen yearly. The import of Chili-saltpetre costing 20 years ago 120 million marks per year has become superfluous, particularly as the domestic works have produced full substitutes for this natural fertilizer, viz. natron-saltpetre and lime-saltpetre.

The raw phosphates are transformed in a solution of sulphuric acid into super-phosphates, the same fertilizer prepared quite independent of J. Liebig's researches, by the two Englishmen B. Lawes and H. Gilbert in Rothamsted, the effects of which they investigated on the famous English experimental grounds. Thomas meal, which is a by-product of steel, is called after the Englishman S. G. Thomas, who, together with his countryman P. Gilchrist, discovered how to extract the phosphorous from crude iron, the valuable fertilizer being a by-product of this process.

Potash fertilizers are produced only in Germany. The rock containing the potash lies deep under the earth in immeasurable quantities and is turned into potash in factories by mechanical and chemical means. Potash salts are of especial importance



MONUMENT TO MAX VON EYTH

in the inner court of the House of the German Agricultural Society,
founded by him after English models in the year 1882 Max von Eyth
was the author of the book "The Tailor of Ulm" (c f P. 53)

for all plants which mainly produce starch and sugar, as for example sugar beets, potatoes and brewer's barley. Sulphuric salts of potash cause tobacco plants to produce leaves which smoke well.

The foundation of manuring should be stable manure and lime, large quantities of which, spread upon the fields several years in succession, convey all manner of nourishment to the soil. They pave the way for the other mineral fertilizers and prepare the soil to make the best use of them. Exhaustive experiments have proved that such a scientific system of fertilization always has a most favourable influence upon the quality, durability, flavour and other desirable factors of the farm produce, and must necessarily bring about good results.

The universities of Berlin, Bonn, Breslau, Giessen, Halle, Königsberg and Munich gladly impart the most recent results of scientific research into all agricultural problems to land-owners and other interested parties. These universities all possess excellent agricultural institutes, in which manifold experiments as to the effect and respective value of various fertilizers are continually being made. The German Agricultural Society (*Deutsche Landwirtschaftsgesellschaft*), Dessauer Strasse, Berlin, will gladly and promptly supply any information desired as to the various spheres of agricultural research—such as model farms, scientific institutes and agricultural schools. This society was founded by Max von Eyth and its purpose is to submit important suggestions made by practical farmers to the theorists for research purposes and to transmit scientifically tested procedures to those who will put them to practical account. It issues simple instructive pamphlets such as the „A. B. C. of Fertilization” and innumerable leaflets — and so do the other societies — so that the plain farmer may be aided to distinguish between the many varieties of artificial manure. It is therefore advisable to seek information of any kind on agricultural questions in the first place from the German Agricultural Society.

Otto Nölke

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Foreign Students in the German Sport Forum

START FROM BERLIN!

TO anybody who has never before visited Europe and who would first like to get his bearings, Berlin offers unique advantages. In Berlin he is certain to make every connection that he may desire.

Supposing his interests are musical. All the great artists of the world flock to Berlin, whether they be Germans like Bruno Walter, Wilhelm Furtwängler, Adolf and Fritz Busch, Maria Ivogün, Heinrich Schlusnus, Edwin Fischer, Max von Schillings, and Walter Giesecking, or whether they be foreigners who have made Berlin the city of their adoption, like Fritz Kreisler, Lotte Schöne, Leonid Kreutzer, Joseph Szigeti, Claudio Arrau, Sigrid Onegin, and Alexander Kipnis, or whether they be itinerant, internationally famed artists of the caliber of the American Dusolina Giannini, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and Richard Crooks, the Polish Bronislaw Huberman, the Austrian Richard Strauss, the Spanish Pablo Casals, the Italian Beniamino Gigli, the French Darius Milhaud or Alfred Cortot.

The traveller in quest of musical connections can find them nowhere better than in Berlin, which rightfully lays claim to being the most important musical center in Europe. And as he



First Night of the "Fledermaus" in Max Reinhardt's
"Deutsches Theater"

spends his days cultivating the musical acquaintanceships of Berlin, he can improve his time to hear the brilliant Philharmonic orchestra, the excellent productions offered by the state and municipal operas, the song and instrumental recitals by celebrated musicians performing in the Singakademie, the Beethoven or Bach Saal, or Philharmonic Hall. Two large and scores of smaller conservatories as well as a special summer course for advanced foreigners in Charlottenburg Castle offer added opportunity for giving the proper musical background to a journey that may later lead the musical traveller to the Bayreuth Festival plays, the annual Brahms Festival in some university city, the Munich Festival week, and the Donaueschingen meeting of contemporaneous composers.

If a traveller's interests lie along athletic and sports lines, Berlin is sure to prove an eye-opener. Few cities of the world possess such a multitude of stadiums, public playgrounds, tennis courts, football fields, natatoria and public outdoor bathing establishments as Berlin. It is but natural that as sports loving



Charlie Chaplin in the Pergamon Museum

as people as the Berliners should arrange many international athletic events. Hence, the traveller may well encounter Paavo Nurmi or Dr. Otto Peltzer or J. Ladoumègue or Helen Wills Moody or Helene Mayer here. To mix with the athletes from every European country who come here to match their prowess against that of their German rivals is well worth while for the sportively inclined traveller. Besides, he will find at the Deutsches Sportforum, an impressive university of sports, students from many a land and clime who are learning German methods of developing athletes.

And what a rare opportunity for the painter and artist to establish international connections at Berlin! Never a week passes but that some artist or sculptor, German or foreign, opens an exhibition here. Never a day passes but that noted critics of the metropolitan press will attract attention to some talent about which little has been heard hitherto. The venerable Max Liebermann, the almost supernatural Karl Leipold, the ever jolly Hugo Vogel, the intensely human Käthe Kollwitz, the austere Charlotte Berend-Corinth—all have made Berlin their home. From knowing them it is but a step to making

contacts with artists all over Europe. And wandering through the galleries of Berlin awakens a desire to see the shrines of art in Dresden and Munich, in Hanover and Brunswick.

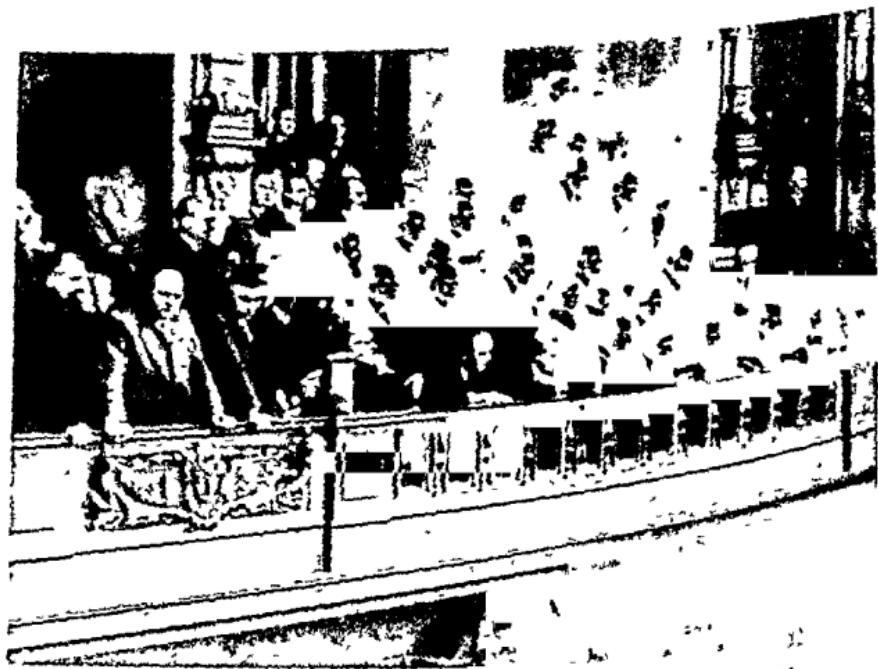
It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to dwell at length in this article upon the unusual position which Berlin occupies as a center of theatrical progress. The name of Max Reinhardt has been identified with Berlin for decades. The Staatliches Schauspielhaus is an internationally famed experimental field for modernistic acting and mise-en-scene. An architectural novelty is furnished by the Großes Schauspielhaus, while the Volksbühne has been a pioneer in making it possible for the working classes to see good drama and hear good opera. Actors like Werner Krauss, Elisabeth Bergner, Kaethe Dorsch, and Friedrich Kayssler are ranked among the best in the German language. Neubabelsberg, halfway between Berlin and Potsdam, is the Hollywood of Europe.

Few nations in the world have shown such a daring in experimenting in things architectural as the Germans. He who would study what new ideas Europe has to offer along architectural lines can do no better than to start at Berlin, where men like Walter Gropius and Erich Mendelsohn, Bruno Paul, and Hans Poelzig are to be found, and where he will hear more about the pioneer work of Paul Bonatz in Stuttgart, Fritz Höger in Hamburg, Peter Birkenthal in Munich, and Ernst May and Martin Elsässer in Frankfort-on-Main.

Aviation is absorbing the interest of more and more people. Again, what better city in Europe from which to start for the rest of the continent by air than Berlin? It is the very aerial crossroads of Europe. In every direction planes go and come, and even the "Graf Zeppelin" is a relatively frequent caller here. Besides, in Berlin the aviation "fan" can see the most up-to-date airdrome in Europe, and can meet men like Hermann Koehl, who with Fitzmaurice and von Huenefeld was the first to cross the ocean in the westward direction, or von Gronau, the first European to reach New York flying westward, or Thea Rasche, the "flying Fräulein." Representatives of the Junkers, Dornier, and Rohrbach works will smooth the path for the man or woman qualified to discuss aviation to see Pro-



PALACE OF SANS-SOUCI, POTSDAM



Representatives of Foreign Governments in the
Diplomatic Box of the Reichstag

fessor Hugo Junkers at Dessau, or Claudius Dornier at Fried-
richshafen (where Dr. Hugo Eckener also lives when he is not
piloting his Graf Zeppelin through the air!), or Dr. Rohrbach at
Berlin or Travemuende. At the Aeroklub the visitor will find the
congenial company of men and women whose element is the air.

Perhaps the traveller from abroad merely wishes to absorb
the international political atmosphere. He should come to Berlin
as a starting point, for there the east and the west, the north
and the south meet. Every day brings to Berlin men and women
who have just come out of Russia, and who describe vividly
what is going on in the enigmatic Soviet empire. Poland is but
a few hours off, so that it is not difficult to get first hand inform-
ation on the troublesome Polish Corridor problem. In Berlin,
the seat of government, center the efforts for a rapprochement
with France, while British and Italian diplomats see to it that
Downing Street and Mussolini are kept duly informed about
the struggle of the German people to overcome the after
effects of war and revolution.

In short, whatever interest it may be that draws the traveller to Europe, he is sure to make no mistake if he selects Berlin as the starting point from which to study the Old World, and as the center from which to work up the connections that may prove most valuable for his purposes.

Leon P. Lockner

THE SCHOOL OF POLITICS, BERLIN (DEUTSCHE HOCHSCHULE FÜR POLITIK)

FOR ten years, the School of Politics has been in existence. In Frau Else Schrödel's "Tagebuch einer deutschen Frau" published by G. Künzle 1928 there occurs the entry, "26. 10. 1920 On 24th October the School of Politics was opened. Men of all the political parties, excepting the Communists and Völkische, belong to its directorate and board of studies. The essential principle followed in the founding of the High School is expressed by the one word: *Independence*. Above all else, the School of Politics is an independent institution. Founded independently of the state, developed by the intense conviction and devoted service of groups and individuals, the school regards its autonomy as the indispensable condition of its efficiency. But it is distinguished from all other so-called high schools by the fact that its activity, its nature and its purpose pre-suppose the closest adaptation of its functions to the state and its needs."

Over 8000 students have passed through the School of Politics in the last ten years. They come from all professions and classes—diplomats, university professors, students, workmen. For all Germany's young diplomats and social-officials its courses are obligatory. The diploma examination is recognised by the state and held in high esteem by officials of the foreign diplomatic service. Of the 1496 students during the summer term 1930, 10 percent were foreigners representing 24 different countries. As a national—indeed, as an international—institution the High School has become indispensable.

When the international conference of political high schools met in London in 1929, the "Manchester Guardian" described the School of Politics as 'famous and illustrious'. The Director



Celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the School of Politics in the Reichstag, November 8, 1930.

Members of the staff and of the Board of Trustees of the School of Politics (from left to right) Professor Dr B Drews Minister of State retired President of the Supreme Court of Administration — Professor Rappard, Geneva — Geheimrat Professor Dr Schmidt Leipzig — Professor Dr Wolters, Director of the School of Politics — Professor Dr Jäckh President of the School of Politics — Walter Silinger — Sec of State Zweigert — Professor Dr Deissmann, Rector of Berlin University — Professor Dr Schücking, Member of the World Court — Dr Meissner Secretary of State — Herbert Gutmann, Director of the Dresdner Bank — Paul Löbe President of the Reichstag

of the Institut Universitaire des Hautes Etudes Internationales in Geneva, Professor Rappard, said. "The School of Politics is regarded abroad in the widest circles as the most fruitful creation of post-war Germany. There is hardly a single scientific institution which arouses such intense interest internationally. Whenever the High School has been discussed in Geneva, I have heard nothing but words of commendation. The spirit that seems to inspire this undertaking is that of scientific independence, political responsibility and international co-operation. By research, by the dissemination of exact knowledge, by co-operation in maintaining internal order, freedom and justice! And through order, freedom and justice to promote peace!"

Nothing demonstrates more clearly the influence of the school in the cause of peace than the fact that, both as regards the Locarno Treaty and the Kellogg Pact, the fundamental ideas originated here. For, as regards the former, it was the Austrian Minister Riedl who, when on a visit to Berlin, worked out the first draft of the Locarno Treaty with a group of students, whereas in the case of the latter, it was the American Professor James T. Shotwell of the Columbia University in New York who, in the Carnegie Lectures of the School of Politics, first developed the theme "Locarnisation of the World" that later became the Kellogg Pact System.

Within the last generation, a series of important research institutes has been founded in Germany. These differ from the universities, whose pre-eminent function is teaching. The School of Politics also is a teaching institution only but it recently created its own research institution. Nothing less, in fact, than a "Peace Academy" whose object is scientifically to investigate the circumstances that disturb and endanger peace and the means that promote and assure it. This institute was organised as a Stresemann Memorial and has been fostered chiefly by an American committee to which Kellogg, Charles Dawes, Owen D. Young and Nicholas Butler belong. The International Senate of the Peace Academy will include personalities like MacDonald and Briand.

Finally, a word about the teaching staff of the School of Politics. The board of instructors is an unique assemblage of "men from practical political life" (like Walter Rathenau, Gustav Stresemann or their predecessor, the Deputy-Reichspresident and Supreme Court President Dr. Simons or the Presidents of the Reichsbank Schacht and Luther), as well as research men from all parties "from Hoetzscht to Delbrück and Troeltsch to Hilferding."

Whoever wants to inform himself of the past work of the School of Politics should consult the treatise "Politik als Wissenschaft" issued by the founders and president of the High School on the occasion of its tenth anniversary.

Ernst Jäckh

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NEW POLITICAL BOOKS ON GERMANY

* "Written by German Authors

"German Diplomatic Documents, 1871-1914" by E.T.S Dugdale; preface by Sir Charles Eliot, introd by T. W. Headlam-Morley; 4 vols; each \$ 7.50, New York Harper, each 21/-, London Methuen 1929.

"From Bismarck to the World War a History of German Foreign Policy, 1870-1914" by E Brindenburg, transl by A E Adams; 556 pp., 21/-, London Oxford Univ Press, \$7.-, New York, 1927.

"The Rise of the German Republic" by Arthur Rosenberg; Oxford Univ Press, London, New York, 1931

"Mussolini and Bismarck" by Ch H Sherrill; 304 pp.; \$3.50, New York, Houghton, 1931

"Memories of Prince von Bülow" Vol I. 1897-1903, transl by F A Voigt, 751 pp., \$5.-, Boston Little, Brown, Co., 1931.

"British Foreign Policy under Sir Edward Grey" by Count Max Montgelas, transl by W C Dreher, foreword by H E Barnes, 142 pp., \$2.25, New York Knopf, 1928

"Origins of the World War" by Sidney B Fay, 577 pp., 2 vols., \$9.-, New York Macmillan, 1928, 37/-, London

"Genesis of the World War" by H E Barnes, 754 pp.; 2nd rev. Ed., 21/-, London Knopf, 1927, \$5.25, New York Knopf, 1927.

"A Refutation of the Versailles War Guilt Thesis" by A von Wegener, transl by E H Zejdell, introd by H E Barnes, 386 pp., \$3 - New York Knopf, 1930

"The Spirit of British Policy and the Myth of the Encirclement of Germany" by H Kantorowicz, transl by W. H Johnston 541 pp., 25/-, London Allen & Unwin, 1931

"The Origin and Solution of the Problem of National Minorities" by O Junghann, 36 pp., 1s 6d net, Wien Wilhelm Braumüller, 1929

"Revolver Republic, France's Bid for the Rhine, Separatist Movement" by G E R Gedye, 255 pp., 10s 6d net, London: J W Arrowsmith, 1930

"Occupied Territory" by A Ritchie, 228 pp., \$2 New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1931; 7s 6d net, London Hogarth, 1930

"Silesia revisited 1929 An Examination of the Problems arising from the Plebiscite and the Partition and the Relation between the British Coal Problem and Silesia" by G S Hutchison, 112 pp., 2s 6d net, London Simpkin Marshall, 1929.

"Uneasy Triangle; four years of the Occupation" by Apex, (pseudonym), 278 pp., 17s. 6d net, London I Murray, 1931.

"Tyrol under the Axe of the Italian Fascism" by Eduard Reut-Nicolussi; transl by K L Montgomery, pp 278, 12s 6d net, London Allen & Unwin, 1930

"Selfdetermination for Austria" by F F C Kleinwachter, 75 pp., 3s 6d net, London Allen & Unwin, 1929.

"German Colonization Past and Future, the Truth about the German Colonies" by H Schnee, introd by W. H. Dawson, 176 pp.; \$3, New York Knopf, 1926, London Allen & Unwin, 1925

"Rise and Fall of Germany's Colonial Empire, 1884-1918" by Mary Evelyn Townsend, introd by Carlton J H Hayes, 424 pp.; \$5 -, New York Macmillan 1930, 21/- London

- * "The European Situation" by A. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 115 pp., 8s 6d net, London: Oxford Univ Press, \$2—, New Haven: Yale Univ Press, 1927
- * "Germany and Europe" by F. Stieve, 190 pp., 10s 6d net, London: K. Paul, 1928
- * "The New Germany", three lectures by E. Jaech, introd by Alfr. Zimmern, 103 pp., 5/-, London: Oxford Univ Press, 1927, \$2, New York
- * "Germany in the Post-War World" by Erich Koch-Weser, transl by A. Maerker-Branden, introd by J. Gould Schurman, 222 pp., \$2.30, Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co., Inc., 1930
- * "Germany's Domestic and Foreign Policies" by Otto Hoetzsch, 116 pp., 7/-, London: Oxford Univ Press, 1930, \$1.50, New Haven: Yale Univ Press, 1929
- * "The Economic, Financial, and Political State of Germany since the War" by P. P. Reinhold, 134 pp., 8s 6d net, London: Oxford Univ Press, \$2—, New Haven: Yale Univ Press, 1928
- * "Making of New Germany, Memoirs" (London edition has title "Memoirs of a Social Democrat") by Philipp Scheidemann, transl by T. E. Michell, 373 pp., 2 vols., \$10—, New York: Appleton, 1929, 42/-, London: Hodder & Stoughton
- * "The Future of the German Empire. Criticisms and Postulates" by von Seeckt, transl by O. Williams, 188 pp., 8s 6d net, London: Thornton Butterworth, 1930
- * "Germany, an Outline of her Political Economic, Social and Cultural Life", 32 pp., Berlin: Wirtschaftspolitische Ges., 1930
- * "Germany and the Germans" by E. Diesel, transl by W. D. Robson-Scott, 306 pp., 10s 6d net, London, 1931, \$2—, New York: Macmillan, 1931

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- "The Biography of President von Hindenburg" by R. Wetterstetten and A. M. K. Watson, 276 pp., \$2.50, New York: Macmillan, 1930, 10s 6d net, London: Marriott, 1930
- "Continental Statesmen (Hindenburg)" by G. Glasgow, 238 pp., 10s 6d net, London: Bles, 1930
- "Hindenburg, the Man and the Legend" by F. W. Voigt and M. Goldsmith, 304 pp., 12s 6d net, London: Faber & Faber, 1930, \$3.50, New York: Morrow, 1930
- * "Stresemann, the Man and the Statesman" by Rochus v. Rheinbaben, transl. by Cyrus Brooks and H. Herzl, 322 pp., \$3—, New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1929
- * "Stresemann" by R. Olden, transl by R. T. Clark, 226 pp., \$3—, New York: Dutton, 10s 6d net, London: Methuen, 1930
- * "Stresemann" by A. Vallentin-Luchaire, transl. by E. Sutton; introd. by A. Einstein, 15/-, London: Constable, 1931
- * "Essays and Speeches on Various Subjects" by Gustav Stresemann, transl by Chr. R. Turner; introd. life by R. v. Rheinbaben, 15/-, London: Butterworth, 1930
- * "Walter Rathenau: His Life and Work" by Count H. Kessler; transl by W. D. Robson-Scott and Lawrence Hyde, 379 pp., 16/-, London: Howe, 1929, \$3.75, New York: Harcourt Brace, 1930

Compiled by Richard Mannig

The INTERNATIONAL FORUM

THE International Forum is a monthly magazine which is edited and printed in Berlin, though written exclusively in English. It is published simultaneously in Germany, Great Britain, and the U.S.A.

The International Forum captured the imagination of the academic public in Germany and Great Britain and America at the very moment of its birth. Avoiding all pretences of a contingent kind, the purpose of the paper is frankly declared to be purely and simply journalistic in the classic sense. It deals with physical science, sociology, philosophy and psychology, geopolitics, literary and dramatic criticism of a creative sort.

The International Forum first appeared in January 1931. With the founder and editor-in-chief of the paper are associated, as foundational collaborators, the following well-known names of outstanding leaders in the scientific and literary fields. Professors: Max Planck, Albert Einstein, Erwin Schrödinger, Hermann Weyl, Werner Sombart, Alfred Weber, Karl Haushofer, Wolfgang Koehler, Friedrich Gundolf. Among the literary lights are the following: Thomas Mann, Arnold Zweig, Gerhart Hauptmann, Lion Feuchtwanger, John Galsworthy, John Drinkwater, Hugh Walpole, H. N. Tomlinson, T. S. Eliot, George Bernard Shaw, Sean O'Casey, Georg Kaiser. With this muster of brain power, the paper is not likely to fail for want of quality.

The International Forum is written in the classic English style of Addison's *Spectator*. The format and printing are done after the Anglo-American fashion. The price of the paper is twenty cents, or nine pence per number. Inquiries should be made from

Messrs Collignon, Berlin NW7, for middle Europe and the Scandinavian countries
Messrs Elkin Mathews and Marrot Ltd., for Great Britain and the British Commonwealth

The B. Westermann Co., Inc., of 13 West 46th Street, New York, publish it in the
U.S.A.



Wendish Women on their way to Church in Vetschau

V E T S C H A U

JUST sixty miles from Berlin, in the heart of the famous Spreewald, may still be found one of the most curious folk in all Europe. Not Germans but Slavs, all that survive today of those who inhabited the country before the Germans came. So tenaciously have they clung to their individuality that they still speak the language of their ancestors and wear the gorgeous national costumes of centuries ago.

One whole day is required to visit this strange scene. But that day must be a Sunday because the costumes are only worn when the people of the nine Wend villages meet for divine service. One takes the Berlin-Cottbus train to Vetschau. The church is then not far away—one just follows the crowd from the station.

After the service it is customary to visit the Wendish museum, housed in a fifteenth century castle of which the most noteworthy feature is the Rittersaal ("Knights' Hall"). And most visitors want to enjoy the fun of gliding peacefully along the canals in a flat-bottomed punt propelled dexterously by one of these gayly-clad, buxom village lasses.

This year the great annual Folks' and Costume Festival will be held on Sunday, August 2nd.

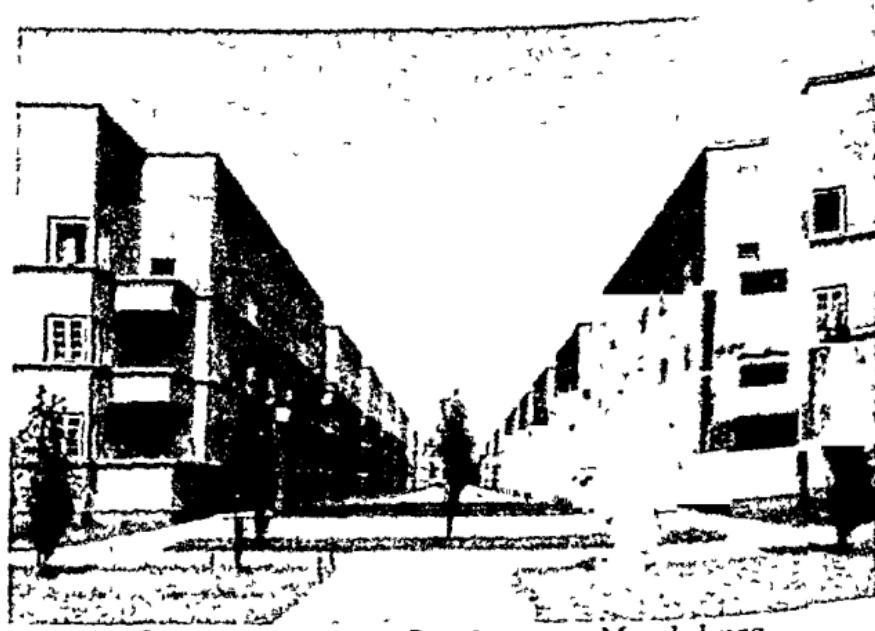
BRANDENBURG (HAVEL.)

AT a distance of barely 35 miles from Berlin, on the banks of the river Havel, lies the oldest town of the Mark, Brandenburg which in 1929 celebrated the Festival of its foundation one thousand years ago. With its noble old churches, Town Halls, turrets and walls and embedded in the picturesque lake district of the Havel it gives the most wonderful impression of old-world days. Especially remarkable are the Town Halls of the old and the new city, the churches of St Catherine, dating from the 15th, and of St Gotthard from the 14th century. Situated on an islet right in the centre of the town is the old cathedral, in the very place of the ancient, now vanished citadel. The beginning of its building dates back as far as 1165, and it preserves up to this day a rich store of antiquities. In the new city lies the old and beautifully conserved convent of St Paul's with its silent cloisters, and, in front of the new Town Hall, the stone monument of Roland, both dreaming of by-gone days. And sweeping around these old places is all the rush of modern traffic belonging to a manufacturing town. In Brandenburg you will find the most important cycle- and motor car-producers of Northern Germany, the Brennabor-Works, besides Steel- and Textile-Industries of widest expansion. And yet only a few minutes farther on, the visitor will find himself enwrapped by the silent and simple beauty of the landscape, of forest, river and lake of the Havel-country. And thus one will understand why this old town with its present importance in modern life has become the centre of tourist-life of the Western Mark, and all travellers, coming from Berlin, and wishing, from the outset, to grow acquainted with the Prussian State and its noble past, make a point of visiting Brandenburg, enshrined in this river-landscape of such exceptional and marvellous charm.



The Roland

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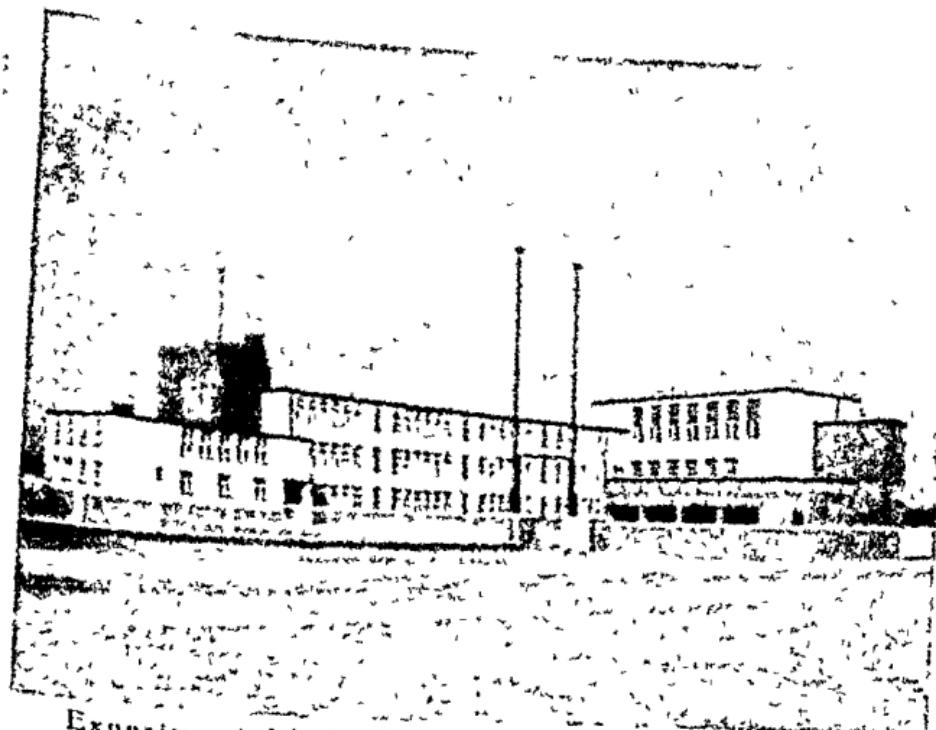
Harbker Strasse Settlement, Magdeburg

MAGDEBURG—THE PHOENIX CITY OF GERMANY

ALTHOUGH in reality Magdeburg is one of the oldest of all German cities, it conveys the impression of being one of the most modern. The reason is that a terrible fire occurring exactly three hundred years ago, destroyed almost all its mediæval buildings. Only three treasures remain to recall the days before the Thirty Years' War—the thousand-year-old Monastery of Our Lady, that jewel of classic architecture with its charming cloisters, the gigantic Gothic cathedral hard-by, the loveliest building of its kind in Northern or Eastern Germany, and that ancient equestrian statue.

Many magnificent baroque buildings are clustered around the cathedral square, whose spacious proportions for the standards of those times is clear from the fact that even today it is ample for the demands of modern traffic. The Old Market Place has also its stately bourgeois houses. But both the Cathedral Square and the Old Market Place as they now stand were built in the 18th century.

For many generations, Magdeburg, surrounded by high walls, could boast of being the strongest fortress in Germany until, towards the end of last century, these defences were destroyed



Experimental School in Magdeburg-Wilhelmsstadt

and the place formerly occupied by the walls devoted to gardens and parks. So great is their number that Magdeburg today possesses the most extensive open spaces of all German cities. For some years past, Magdeburg has been in possession of a magnificent town hall whose interior is far-famed. The city has also a beautiful exhibition ground. Very recently, extensive residential quarters corresponding to all needs and in exquisite architectural taste have been erected.

By virtue of its splendid geographical position, Magdeburg has developed into a prominent commercial and industrial centre. Nine railway lines, many automobile routes, the densely-navigated River Elbe, and numerous regular airway routes all converging onto the city result in extraordinarily busy passenger and goods traffic. Magdeburg's industrial products have earned world-fame. Art and Science have also been intensively cultivated. Notable collections have been assembled. Good theatres and concerts mutually supplement one another.

Magdeburg's sportsmen train on first-class grounds. The swimmers compete in world events. On the splendid race-course, golf is also eagerly pursued.



The Market Place of the Town where Luther lived

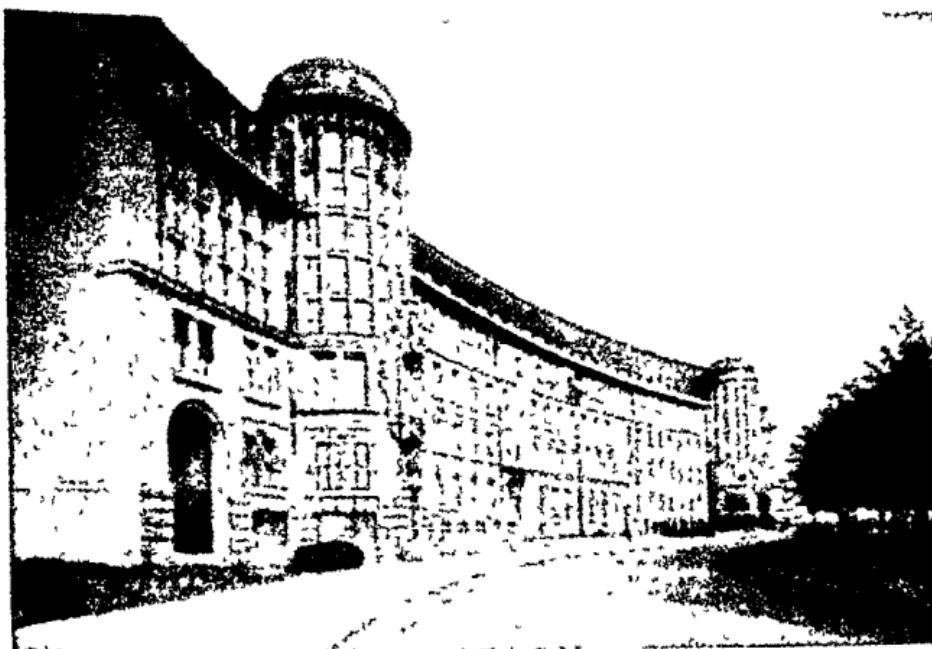
WITTENBERG

In the memoirs of the former American ambassador, *Andrew D. White*, we find the following passage:

My principal recreation was in excursions to historical places. Old studies of German history had stimulated a taste for them, and it was a delight to leave Berlin on Saturday and stay in one of these towns over Sunday.

In addition to the great historic memories called up by the *Lutherhalle* we find a demonstration of the attitude of the Church towards the problems of modern natural philosophy in the museum of the "*Forschungsheim für Weltanschauungskunde*" which is now in the castle of Elector Frederick the Wise.

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Deutsche Bücherei

LEIPZIG—A WORLD EMPORIUM

FOUNDED about a thousand years ago at the point of intersection of the great transcontinental trade routes of those days, Leipzig soon developed into a great European market, famous above all for its fairs. Today, with a population of 716,000, Leipzig ranks with Hamburg and Berlin among Germany's most important commercial centres. Twice a year, the Sample and Technical Fairs are held. The core of the city consists almost entirely of exhibition buildings. Beneath the great market square is housed the largest underground exhibition hall in the world. At the foot of the vast Memorial to the Battle of Nations is the Technical Fair with a whole series of exhibition palaces. The chief railway station, situated in the centre of the city, with its 300 metre frontage and 26 platforms, is the largest in Europe. In East Leipzig, whole districts are devoted exclusively to the book trade and to polychrome printing. Here is found the Booksellers' and Publishers' Guild House. Also the Deutsche Bücherei (German Book Archive) in which everything printed in the German language since 1913, has been stored for reference, is here. From the "Brühl",

business connections extend to all parts of the world wherever the fur trade is in operation

Founded in 1409, Leipzig's university was honoured by the attendance of young Goethe from 1765-1768. A few decades before that, at the Thomaskirche, Johann Sebastian Bach produced those masterpieces of his art whose triumphs are still celebrated by the concerts of the Thomaner Choir. The Gewandhaus (where many celebrities including Nikisch, Furtwangler and Bruno Walter have conducted) and the Conservatorium (founded in 1843 by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy) have helped to establish the international reputation of Leipzig as one of the world's greatest musical centres. As regards museums, the New Grassi Museum of Applied Art and the Museum of Fine Arts, with its old Dutch paintings and the masterpieces of Max Klinger (Beethoven) are specially worthy of mention.

THE LEIPZIG FAIR has acquired an importance today that reaches far beyond the frontiers of Germany. This Fair is held twice a year and is supported by no less than 10000 exhibitors from Germany and abroad. At the last Spring Fair, of the 9540 firms which displayed their goods, 1207 came from 25 other countries. A great many different lands have been represented by large Collective Exhibitions for many years now, including Austria, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Great Britain, France, Italy, Norway, Japan, Poland, China, India, Denmark etc. Many of these countries make a point of displaying raw materials and natural resources suitable for export rather than their manufactures.

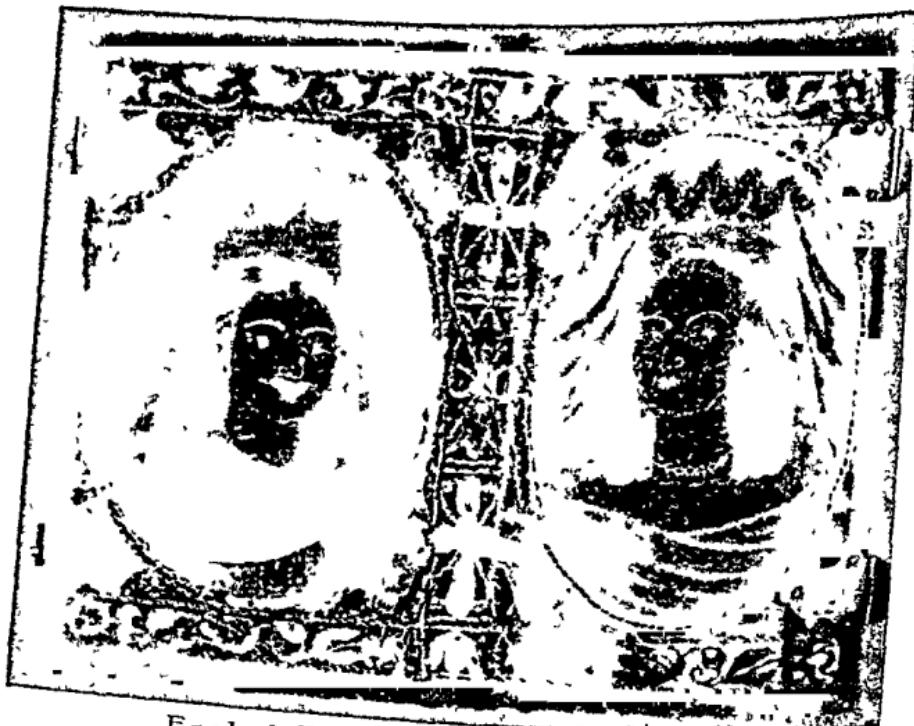
Among the 150000 to 200000 visitors who come to Leipzig, about 30000 buyers from other countries are to be seen. The Fair is divided into two sections for the purpose of rendering the vast selection of goods accessible, which are known as the "Samples Fair" and the "Great Engineering and Building Fair". The Samples Fair with hundred of thousands of samples is housed in 39 fine Fair Palaces in the business section of the town. The Great Engineering and Building Fair, on the other hand, chiefly devoted to the machinery of production, is accommodated in 17 huge Halls on special Exhibition Grounds in the suburbs.



Exhibition Grounds of the Great Technical
and Building Fair

The management and organisation of the Fair are undertaken by the Leipzig Fair Office (Leipziger Messamt). The Leipzig Spring Fair commences on March 6th 1932 and the Autumn Fair on August 28th 1932.

THE GERMAN BOOK MUSEUM at Leipzig was founded in 1884 with the purpose of cultivating printing, writing and all graphic arts and processes in an historical-artistic and industrious-technical manner. During the half century of its existence the Museum has developed to one of the most remarkable institutions of this kind in the world. Most of the materials of the "Bugra" Leipzig 1914, the largest international book-exhibition ever seen, were given to this Museum to preserve. So its exhibition gives now a general view of the evolution of the whole book-craft from the oldest times till the present: examples of primitive writing, manuscripts, especially of the late German schools, the most famous typographical monuments of the 15th and the following centuries, as for instance one of the precious Gutenberg-Bibles on vellum. A library with about 50,000 historical and technical works, a large collection of single sheets (about $\frac{1}{4}$ million) systematically classified, containing title-pages, book-plates, printer's marks, wood-cuts, etchings, bookbindings, also a collection of historical



English Embroidered Binding, 17 C.

machinery complete the interesting exhibition -- As a scientific publication of the Museum there is edited a comprehensive and richly illustrated Annual entitled "Buch und Schrift" with a "Literary Sheet" in 6 numbers, containing reviews of recent special literature. Both publications are given to the members for the annual contribution of 20 RM. = 1 £ = 5 \$. Full particulars of bibliography will be given gratis to our members. Address: Buchmuseum, Leipzig C 1.

THE ROMANCE OF A GREAT DISCOVERY (POET TURNS PRINTER)

TO set the name of Alois Senefelder alongside that of Gutenberg would certainly provoke a storm of protest from the hero-worshippers. For while Gutenberg has been placed among the immortals, Senefelder is all but unknown. Yet it was he who completed the work of the pioneer of Mainz. And



Clark Pennington

even if the world at large does not know him, his native town Munich honours his memory in a way worthy of his remarkable achievements.

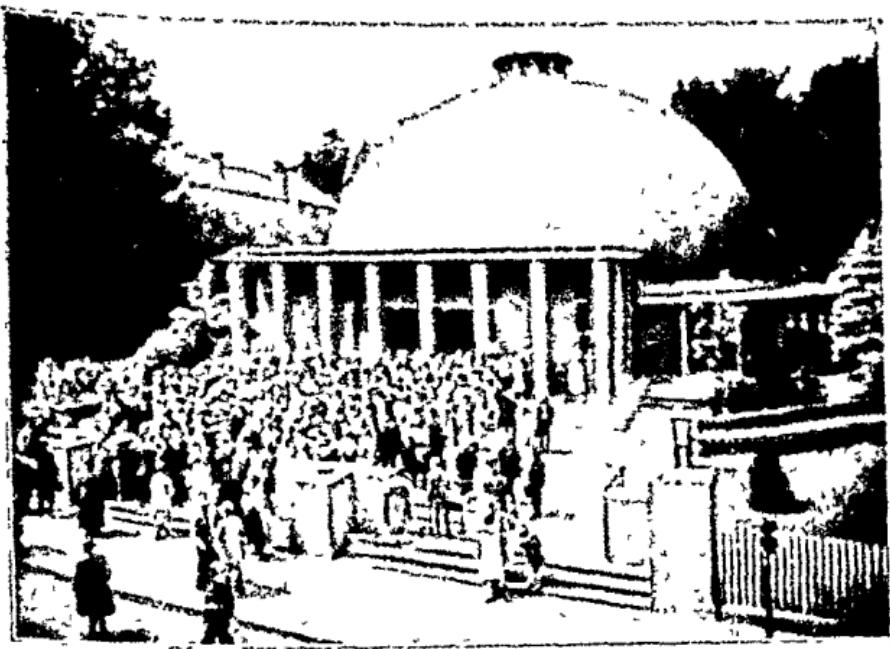
Seneffelder was originally poet and actor. Poetry was not always in brisk demand. Printing was dear. So when time hung on his hands, he took to chatting with his printer and watching the presses at work, hoping to see how the process might be cheapened. At that time, illustrations and reproductions had to be made by means of wood blocks or engraved copper plates. In 1794, when Europe was still convulsed by the upheavals of the French Revolution, Seneffelder hit on the idea of printing from stone.

What suggested this to him is not known. And where he got his knowledge of chemistry is equally obscure, since the science had, at that time, not yet been established. But certain it is that he discovered the secret of the suitability of the Solenhofener limestone for taking impressions and found out the principles by which printing from stone could be made practicable.

Five years of incessant experiment were required to adapt his discoveries to the practical needs of the printer's trade. Poetry and the stage were forgotten. But when, at last, Seneffelder laid down his tools, the art of lithographic printing, in all essentials, was precisely what we know it today. It is true that when, later on, the camera was invented and perfected, lithographic processes were still further simplified. And when two-and four-colour printing was discovered, this took the art still higher. But these were merely special cases of the application of his original ideas.

Through Seneffelder's work printing—at one bound—became ever so much cheaper. And as is usual in such cases, the demand for the product was multiplied. Today, at least three quarters of all the coloured advertisement work, street posters, foodstuff wrappers, postcards, Christmas greetings, maps, playing cards, artistic illustration and so forth, are done by lithographic processes whose discovery we owe to Munich and Seneffelder, who not only invented lithographic printing but, in five short years, perfected this new and immensely important process.

Josef Cramer,



Jena. The Zeiss Planetarium

THE ZEISS PLANETARIUM is one of the optical marvels of the world which no one should fail to visit. Imagine a gigantic projector with 119 lenses and 7 electro-motors, presenting 9000 stars, the sun, moon and planets as well as star-clusters, the Milky Way and nebulae in motion upon an artificial firmament. In a beguiling illusion of reality the stellar world passes before our enchanted eyes. One astronomical year is crowded into but seven seconds. Never has there been an entertainment so instructive, so fascinating and of such general appeal. It is a school, a theatre and a movie in one, a drama under the dome of the heavens with the constellations as actors.

This stellar fairyland may be seen at Jena, where it was invented and constructed, as well as in Berlin, Barmen, Dresden, Düsseldorf, Hamburg, Hanover, Leipzig, Mannheim, Nuremberg, Stuttgart, Vienna and other European Capitals. Chicago opened one early in 1930. Philadelphia and Los Angeles are about to build a Zeiss Planetarium. See for yourself what it is, — whilst on your European trip — you will return home with ineffable impressions.

TO WEIMAR IN THE GOETHE-YEAR 1932!

WEIMAR, the old town favoured as residence by the grand-dukes of Saxon, and since 1918 capital of the free state of Thuringia, yearly attracts a large number of strangers. They are drawn thither by the desire to visit the place where German thought and poetry blossomed and ripened into a classic beauty never before known. The small town on the Ilm has been called "Ilm-Athens", and the once ruling house has been compared with the Medicis. For it was no coincidence, but the wise forethought of the intellectual and benevolent Anna-Amalia, a niece of Frederic the Great, that brought together in Weimar the greatest German poets and thinkers as teachers and companions of her son Carl-August.

Since the beginning of the last century travellers from England, and somewhat later from the United States, have been particularly numerous in Weimar. Goethe's first English biographer, Lewes, was received here in the most cordial manner, here the American author Bayard Taylor pursued his studies for his excellent Faust-translation and gave lectures on American literature.

The former court-theatre of Weimar (now the German National-Theatre) was for many years directed by Goethe himself. It not only produced the immortal plays of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller and other classical authors, but later was one of the first to initiate the German public into Richard Wagner's operas. Franz Liszt made the cosy little cottage near the park, given him by the grand-duke Carl-Alexander, his permanent home. His veneration for Goethe was so great that he founded a society which may be considered the precursor of the great German Goethe-Society. On the 22nd of March in the year 1832 Goethe passed the threshold from his long and most fruitful life to immortality, uttering as his last words a desire for "more light".

"He shines before us like a comet fleeing, eternal light uniting with his being." These verses which he wrote as homage to his friend Schiller may even more rightly be applied to himself.

Weimar is going to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of this date by a series of solemn festivities. An extension of the Goethe-National-Museum is being erected which will give ample room for the worthy display of the many scientific and art treasures constituting Goethe's collections, till now stowed away in cupboards and drawers. The Goethe-National-Museum will then form the greatest and most interesting biographical museum in the world.

This institute is to be inaugurated under the auspices of President Hindenburg on the 22nd of March, 1932.

During the following week and throughout the whole summer-season Goethe's dramas will be enacted by prominent German players, and all kind of other memorial festivities will take place.

It is hoped that during the coming year Weimar will thus attract a great number of guests from all parts of the civilized world as pilgrims to one of the most sacred shrines of cultured humanity.

Walther Vulpian



FRAU VON STEIN'S HOUSE, WEIMAR



THE "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" WAS PRODUCED BETWEEN 1925 AND



1930 IN ALL OF THE EIGHTY-NINE GERMAN CITIES SHOWN ON THIS MAP

SOME INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF GERMAN LITERARY CRITICISM

"Den Geist des Gatten zu fassen,
ist das Höchste". Friedrich Schleier

WHEN the philosopher-critic *Wilhelm Dilthey* published his now famous book "Das Erlebnis und die Dichtung" in 1905, he started a movement in literary criticism of which we are still experiencing the force. His insistence on the philosophical cultural values in literature was a revelation to a generation schooled in the biographical-philological methods of *Wilhelm Scherer*. It began to be realized that the rules of pure science were inapplicable to an imaginative process, that the whole was greater than its parts, and that the history of literature must be a synthetic study which should comprise not only imaginative writings, but philosophy, history, politics, art and music: all that is contained in the convenient term "*Geistesgeschichte*." Whatever the standpoints from which literature is studied, and they are many and varied, it is the "*Geist*," the spirit and thought of the work as a whole that matters. The critic's task will be to understand rather than explain the work, to penetrate intuitively into the recesses of the human mind which fashioned it, to project it anew through the medium of his own personality. It is obvious that the process demands not only receptive faculties of the highest order, but also a capacity for artistic expression which makes the criticism itself into a work of poetic imagination.

It is not for nothing that the chief literary critic of modern Germany, *Friedrich Gundolf*, Professor of German Literature in the University of Heidelberg, passed his spiritual apprenticeship in the school of the great mystic poet *Stefan George*, and we owe to the pupil one of the profoundest studies of the master (1920). Gun-



Johann Georg Hamann.

Johann Georg Hamann
"Der Magus im Norden"

dolf was himself a contributor to the famous "Blätter für die Kunst" by which the younger generation of the nine-ties signalized their revolt against the prevailing materialism of the time. Gundolf first made his name as a critic by an epoch-making study "Shakespeare und der deutsche



August Wilhelm v. Schlegel

Geist" (1911) in which he traces with wonderful acumen the reaction of the chief German poets to the Englishman's literary personality. Gundolf broke once for all with the current teaching which sought to explain the poet merely as a sum of extraneous forces. On the contrary it was less "das Werden," the becoming, that mattered, than "das Sein," his being, his personality. The poet was in

the literal sense of the word, the maker, a seer who created according to the rhythm of his own nature which was itself but the rhythm of the universe. This conception goes back in German literature to Herder and beyond him to Hamann, "Der Magus im Norden", who was the first to teach the Germans that a poet was as the "vessel of the creative deity."

Thus it is that so many of Gundolf's literary heroes: Shakespeare, Goethe, Kleist, George, have almost the character of mythical personages whose actual experiences of life can only be understood in relation to the eternal spirit of which they are the unconscious medium. It was especially this aspect of Shakespeare which appealed to Goethe. Shakespeare first taught him to view nature and, above all, human beings as part of an animate, throbbing and inexhaustible whole. From Shakespeare, too, Goethe re-captured for the modern world the irrational concepts of fate, creation, passion, which the eighteenth century had thought it had explained away once for all. Hamlet

was the first work in which the characteristics of the modern man were embodied; for the first time in literature we are presented with a complex personality for whom "the time is out of joint," and his direct descendant is Werther, who similarly succumbs in the hopeless struggle against reality.

But there was another, lighter side of Shakespeare's genius which had appealed immediately to the Germans, and that was the fantastic, fairy element of 'The Tempest' or 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. The comic interlude from the latter had already provided Andreas Gryphius with the chief source of his rollicking farce 'Herr Peter Squenz' (1663). It was only in this light fantastic vein that Shakespeare really appealed to Wieland when he made the first important translation of the English dramatist (1762-6); and Shakespeare was responsible for the fanciful element in 'Oberon' as he was for Tieck's later fairy plays. This aspect also first attracted the Romantics; A. W. Schlegel had begun with a few scenes from the 'Sommernachtstraum' while still a young student in Göttingen. With the help of his brilliant wife, Caroline, he had translated sixteen of the plays by 1801. But after the divorce from his wife he became discouraged and 'Richard III' did not appear until 1810. Finally he left the work to be completed by Tieck's daughter and Count Baudissin (1825-33).

The success of the Schlegel-Tieck translation of Shakespeare Gundolf explains by the fact that the times were



Ludwig Tieck



CAROLINE SCHLEGEL
Painting by Tieckbein

ripe for the attempt. The positive achievements of Weimar classicism and especially of Goethe, had at last provided German with the broad basis of language and poetic thought, which was adequate to express the universality of Shakespeare's genius.

Through its poetic excellence and remarkable fidelity to the spirit, if not to the actual letter, of the original the Schlegel-Tieck translation is still unsurpassed. It has won for Shakespeare a place among the German people equal to that of their own great poets, while his plays are actually performed more often in Germany than in England. Indeed much of the splendid technique of the German stage which is the admiration of every visitor to Germany is due to the constant study and intense appreciation of Shakespeare. They have inspired a theatrical genius like Max Reinhardt with some of his most successful productions.

Still more important was the new critical attitude to Shakespeare which was diffused by the famous "Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature" delivered by A.W.Schlegel in Vienna in 1806. They were soon translated into the chief languages of Europe. The French translation was paraphrased by Victor Hugo in the "Préface de Cromwell," and was directly responsible for the rise of the Ecole Romantique. The English version was so closely followed by Coleridge in his own "Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton" (1811-12) that he could plausibly be accused of plagiarism. "I know no book so generally read and followed or approved as your lectures on Dramatic Poetry. You have become our national critic." So Sir James Mackintosh, philosopher, lawyer and historian, wrote to A. W. Schlegel.

There is a tendency to belittle the importance of August Wilhelm Schlegel in favour of his more brilliant brother Friedrich, but it must be admitted that the latter had the chief share in the foundation of the early Romantic School. This fact is brought out very clearly in Gundolf's latest book, "Romantiker" (1930), a collection of scattered essays of which the chief deal with Friedrich Schlegel and Schleiermacher. It is only been



STEFAN GEORGE

gradually realized how deep is the debt of modern civilization to the German Romantic School in general, and to Friedrich Schlegel in particular. The recent critical activity of the best German critics like Fritz Strich, Georg Steffansky, Joseph Nadler, Paul Kluckhohn, Oskar Walzel, Julius Petersen and of Gundolf

himself, has brought out very clearly the international importance of the movement. The Romanticists taught us most of what we know and feel about literature and art, they led the way in the appreciation of the art of remote ages and distant countries; they evolved the theory not merely of art for art's sake, but of art for the artist's sake; they imagined a new beauty founded on feeling, emotion, mood, longing: the beauty of that untranslatable word "Stimmung." "The heart," said Novalis, "is the key to the world." From Wackenroder the world learned to appreciate the soaring beauty of the Gothic cathedral, and the interest he aroused was ultimately responsible for the completion of Cologne cathedral after 600 years. Wackenroder and Tieck rediscovered the treasures of German national art as they wandered through the smiling scenery and picturesque cities of Franconia in 1793. Friedrich Schlegel and the Brothers Boisserée revived the interest in religious art and started the collection of pictures which eventually found a home in the Munich Pinakothek. Novalis imparted an immense impulse to the revival of Catholicism in Europe, an impulse to which can be traced our own Oxford Movement; Schleiermacher applied Romantic

longing to religion, which consisted for him in the striving of the finite individual to reach the infinite whole; music was for all the Romanticists the "Queen of the Arts," and Wagner was according to Nietzsche the chief justification of the Movement. Friedrich Schlegel even broke a lance for the emancipation of women and had advocated and practised "companionate marriage" long before it was discussed in America!

In the profoundest study in this book Gundolf emphasises the intuitive brilliance of his hero as expressed in those wonderful aphorisms, Friedrich Schlegel's real poems, "Die Fragmente." They are an epitome of human individuality under most of its aspects; they embody a theory of life and a whole history of arts and morals. Gundolf characterises Friedrich Schlegel so well because he himself is not unlike him in depth of thought and brilliance of utterance. Few critics have his power of sententious expression: "F. Schlegel is the Winckelmann of Greek literary history;" "The mind knows no sex." The book, like all the productions of the new "Geistesgeschichte," is not easy reading, but it will well repay close study.

It was a source of much rejoicing among the numerous admirers of Friedrich Gundolf when, early this year, the City of Hamburg bestowed upon him the coveted distinction of the Lessing-Prize.



FRIEDRICH GUNDOLF

L. A. Willoughby



NOVALIS
Friedrich Leopold von Hardenberg

"Germanicism is no more confined to any particular state than Latinism. Atticism or Britannicism, these are only universal types of human character which have here and there become pre-eminently general"

Novalis

GERMAN ROMANTICISM

A small volume "The Romantic Movement in Germany") which forms a useful companion to the "Classical Age of German Literature"—both published by Professor Willoughby—, will fill a distinct gap in English knowledge of German literature. Its scope is considerably wider than that of the earlier volume the "Classical Age of German Literature," and the task of describing the course of the German Romantic movement, with its echoes and re-echoes in art and philosophy, is in proportion more difficult. Romanticism is admittedly a wide term, applied to any country and to any literature, but in Germany its reach is enormous and its defining almost beyond human wit. Yet it is the German literary movement *par excellence*, the one which the Germans, with some show of reason, regard as peculiarly their own, and the one which, as Professor Willoughby points out, has exerted the maximum of influence on other countries.

Mr. Willoughby has produced a book which thoroughly covers the subject. Tracing its origin to sources as far back as Plotinus, more recently to the neo-Plotinian and English Shaftesbury, Mr. Willoughby describes in detail the revolt led by the East Prussians Hamann and Herder which was to bear its romantic fruit in the work of the Schlegels and their followers Tieck, Wackenroder, Novalis. It was, above all, Friedrich Schlegel's "Fragments" which served as the manifesto of the new school and its first attack, very properly, reads like a challenge to Lessing and his "Laokoon." The various branches of art, the *genres* which the "Laokoon" had been at such pains to defend, are here united, with the aim of embracing not only poetry and art, but the whole of life. The essence of poetry is growth and development, and its horizon is boundless. So it came about that the novel was regarded as the most comprehensive and characteristic form of poetry, and a new and romantic lease of life afforded to the "Wilhelm Meister" of Goethe. Such is the

*) The Romantic Movement in Germany By L A Willoughby Oxford University Press London Milford 6s net

part of the famous paragraph of Friedrich Schlegel in the Fragmente. "Die romantische Poesie ist eine progressive Universalpoesie . . ."

For plenitude of information contained within a few pages Mr. Willoughby's summing up of the works of the many Romantic writers is excellent, and its value is increased by the original information which he is able in many directions to supply. Whether it be the influence of Goethe, of Schiller and of the Idealist philosophers on the Romantic movement, the enormous wealth of lyric poetry let loose by the new doctrine of spontaneity, the long series of distinguished writers, Kleist, Holderlin, Grillparzer who only just fall short of the highest level, or the fertile novelists and short-story writers, all find a place and are briefly but accurately examined.

The last chapters on "Weltliteratur" and "Music and the Arts," in which the author modestly disavows any claim to originality, are of special interest. It will be new to many readers to learn of the influence of Bürger's Leonore on Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" and of the German Romantic sources of Ruskin and the English pre-Raphaelites. In general, Mr. Willoughby is quite fair in his estimate of the relative originality of German Romanticism, and goes as far as to allow that the mutual claims of England and Germany are difficult to apportion. On the other hand, with the obvious exception of Rousseau, he seems to under-estimate the share of the French in the movement and to ignore the possible original sources in Italy which have been overlooked in the past. But the book is a sound one and will be a valuable source of information.

*From the 'Times Literary Supplement':
8th January, 1931*

POST-WAR LITERATURE IN GERMANY —THE MIRROR OF THE LIFE OF TODAY

QUITE as keen as elsewhere was the admiration in Germany, when, in April 1929, the "Times" published a Special Supplement on the literature of post-war Germany. In this survey, an anonymous writer attributed the

intensified interest in German books shown by English readers to the fact that a far larger proportion than was the case before the war now deal with matters of prime importance to foreign countries.

He goes on to say:

"This conclusion is correct and we are proud of it. Modern German literature in actual fact does concern itself more closely with current events, with present-day life, with matters of practical moment, with vital human interests than was the case before the war, hence is more interesting and arresting in its appeal. We have a new generation in Germany and new problems. But fortunately there is no dearth of literary capacity for expounding them.

Evidently an era has opened in which the events and problems of daily life almost monopolise our interest. Journalistic literature—or rather, literary journalism—has triumphed. Our German scientists write learned books, in themselves excellent, but lacking in that thrill who alone can hold the foreigner unless, by chance, he happens to be himself a scholar and a specialist. Besides that, we have literary artists whose work is so excessively intellectual that they alone are capable of understanding what their own books mean! If these mystifying masterpieces defy interpretation in Germany, how can they be expected to make conquests abroad?

Very recently, the spirit of modern journalism has gained the upper hand in German literary work. Questions of burning interest are seized upon by men of literary talent, endowed as well with that sense of reality and feeling for topicality, essentially characteristic of modern journalism.

Precisely the same tendency exists in England. Both countries have revolutionised the form of the novel. A new type of book has come into being, which, with all

the thrill of the detective story, reveals to us some new aspect of real life or some striking feature of human psychology whose study is of far greater practical worth than volumes of academic learning. Such books sometimes bear the form of the novel, sometimes they consist of essays, sometimes they even have a geographical background. But their classification is of no importance —it is their message alone that matters.

The parallel tendency of literary development in England and in Germany is a noteworthy proof that our two countries are intellectually related. This is confirmed by the fact that the interest taken in Germany in modern English literature is no less keen than the interest of educated Englishmen in the most recent forms of German literature. And this parallel development in the field of literature is itself the outcome of the similar sociological changes that have taken place in the two countries during the age of democracy. As far as England is concerned, I have tried to show this in my book "Wie's die Engländer machen."

But identity of direction does not imply similarity in production or equivalent worth in the product. If successful, the German book—at any rate for the German—is the stronger book, though admittedly not necessarily the more entertaining. In the German book intellectual abstraction predominates. The English book on the other hand is characterised by its superior sense of proportion.

And just because the Englishman puts sense of proportion before everything else, sharp limits are prescribed to the influence of German thought in England. But therein lies the value of mutual contact, the unconcerned research and daring of the German with the calm attitude of the Englishman whose experience has been gathered in five continents. But had the German not at last descended from his Olympus of cosmical abstraction

to the depths of ice-cold reality, the literatures of the two countries would have been as far apart as ever.

This does not mean that modern German literature always succeeds absolutely in depicting reality. What precludes this is that many of our modern authors belong to political parties very far left, or are even, like Glaeser and Brecht, pronounced communists and therefore propagandists. No German novel has yet been written to paint the life of today in the same way as was done before the war by Thomas Mann in "Die Buddenbrooks".

Such German books as are best known in England treat of the past. They include the works of Feuchtwanger and Ludwig. Or they describe the war—for example, the masterpieces of Remarque, Renn and Arnold Zweig. But besides these there are numerous works dealing with present-day life such as the "Zauberberg" by Thomas Mann, "Triumph der Jugend" by Wassermann, the "Politische Novelle" by Bruno Frank, Glaeser's "Jahrgang 1902", "Das Tor der Welt" by Frank Thiess and above all "Alexanderplatz" by Döblin.

Remarque and Renn have very recently also written post-war novels which the foreigner would find valuable. And whoever wants to penetrate the social atmosphere of Berlin must read—besides "Alexanderplatz"—books like "Mich hungert" by Georg Fink or "Fertig mit Berlin?" by Peter Mendelsohn.

The wide field between the life of the proletariat on the one hand and snobist society on the other has, till now, been but sparingly treated in German romantic literature and even 'society life' in post-war days has been insufficiently handled. The centre of gravity of literature, in Germany, like that of politics, has been displaced far to the left and to this extent our literature to a certain extent, reflects life itself.

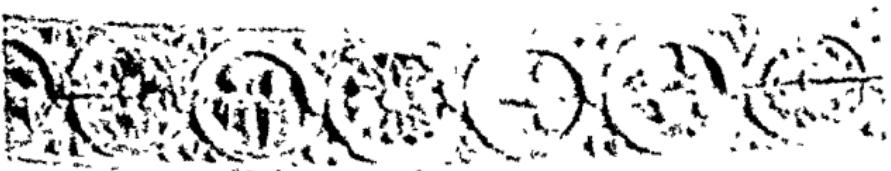
Rudolf Kircher



The Apostle Beam, about 1200

OSNABRÜCK

"OSNABRÜCK!" cries the station-master, and the traveller, remembering that in this little town the destinies of Europe once lay in the balance, that here at last peace was concluded after all the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, puts his head out of the window. But there is nothing special to be seen, Osnabrück's uninteresting railway station betrays nothing of its historic past. All the more is to be seen in the streets and churches of the town. The current of its history has flowed on as gently as its river Hase, peacefully reflecting the many-towered cathedral, and the influence of its princes has seldom been perceptible beyond the narrow boundaries of the principality. An astonishing wealth of mediæval art is revealed to the stranger's eyes in the Diocesan Museum collected by His Excellency Bishop Wilhelm Berning and displayed in the cathedral cloisters. Patiently and with understanding, the Bishop gathered up everything which the violence of religious wars and the ignorance of later centuries had left of past glories; the results are so remarkable that Cardinal Pacelli when viewing it, exclaimed. "Why, it's a perfectly unique collection!" It is indeed an extraordinary pleasure to view these treasures, so intimately connected with Osnabrück's history. The collection of ecclesiastical vestments, tapestries and embroideries is so chronologically complete that every century registers its characteristics in form and material; the array begins with the wonderful crimson stuffs from imperial Byzantium, incomparable gold and azure embroideries of the 15th century and rich examples of Rococo and Empire work. The wood-carvings and stone



sculptures are also wonderfully complete, chronologically speaking. There is work of the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th century which any great city museum would be proud to own, and a collection of images of the Virgin dating from 1230 to 1520. There are crucifixes of overwhelming impressiveness, typical representations of the mediæval cast of mind. Who could resist the primitive beauty of the John the Baptist dating from 1180 or the homely realism of the Lettner Apostles! (1500) Majestically the heroic figure of Conrad of Diepholte, (1450--1482) rests upon his cenotaph, overshadowed by an "apostle beam" of 1175 in the zodiacal ornament of which there is an echo of the liturgical mysticism of Rupert of Deutz.

The collection of objects in precious metals is really unique. It comprises the remains of the cathedral treasure and the results of intensive search in the neighbourhood. The reliquary shrines and vessels from the 11th to the 15th century are preserved practically intact and comprise many beautiful examples. The chapter cross stands out in wondrous loveliness from the other processional crucifixes. According to its technical peculiarities it may very likely have adorned the Salic palace chapel. A mystic charm surrounds this Crux triumphalis, born of the idea of Christus regnans in



Burgundian Gold Pendant,
about 1400.

contrast to the later sorrowful Christ figures. It dates from the 14th century and is mounted on rock crystal and set with rubies and sapphires. One type succeeds another until the idea of the mediæval crucifix is lost in the Renaissance period.

The collection of communion chalices also contains specimens from five centuries. Here we have incomparable examples of 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th century work. Their intrinsic charm is greatly enhanced by the fact that in almost every case the cathedral archives can furnish data as to the time and place of origin of each piece, the donor and the artist.

About these main features of the collection are grouped a thousand years of candlesticks, ivories, enamels, crystal, monstrances and all kinds of smaller precious things. Yet all these treasures are but a fragment of the original wealth. In 1633, 149 lbs. of wrought gold and silver was thrown into the melting-pot to pay a war debt. When we see what is left it is not hard to imagine what irreparable art treasures must have been lost by such a procedure!

Christian Dolfen



Angel from a Baptismal Font, early 13th Century

IN THE TREASURE CHAMBERS OF COLOGNE.

BROAD and majestic is the Ruler at Cologne, might, and commanding the great cathedral dominates the town. The awe-feeling of breath and spaciousness dominates the wanderer entering the cathedral for the first time, feeling lost and inspired, heart in the dim vastness, in the dark light from the great windows of coloured glass. But the awesome and ponderous shell shelters wondrous treasures. The happy pictures of the Cologne school, all bright colour and gold, serene and smiling Madonnas, untortured, adoring saints, prepare the wanderer's soul for the greater brightness of the inner chambers — for the rich glory of the Cathedral treasure. It bursts upon one from all sides, silver, gold and ivory, precious stones and gleaming stuffs — the shining testimony to an earlier and more spacious age, when princes and great ones of the earth gave freely of their substance and the artist and craftsman gave freely of his soul, to the glory of God and his angels. Wonderful vestments are here, stiff with gold, shining with jewels, wonderfully worked in intricate patterns. Near them lie the croziers, cunningly adorned with carvings and fretwork of gold, which the high dignitaries so adorned were wont to carry in their hands on great festivals, and their rings, with great flashing stones scarcely more wonderful than the elaborate settings, or cameos and enamels so finely worked that neither hours nor days would suffice to appreciate all their wonders. For it is not only the gold and ivory and precious stones that make the shrines of Engelbert, Columba and the Three Kings, or the gleaming reliquaries or the altar cups which seem indeed worthy to inspire the legend of the Holy Grail, into miracles of beauty. It is the spiritual ecstasy which inspired the artists through all the centuries and radiates from all the incredible golden glory of their work so that even the most casual observer who has strayed into the treasure chambers, cannot look upon them and remain unmoved.

No-one who has not seen these things can even begin to understand the mediæval mind — the aspiration which raised the great cathedrals above the twisted confusion of narrow streets and was content to spend years in perfecting a carving,



Detail of the "Shrine of the Three Kings"

an illuminated manuscript or some such wonderwork of a shrine in bright enamels and gold.

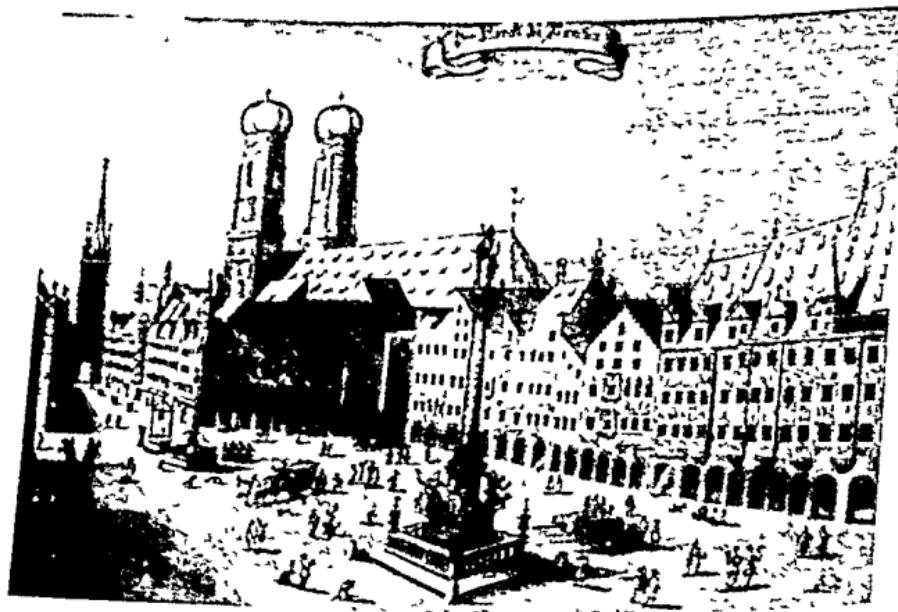
Many centuries and many countries have paid their toll to the sum of these treasures. There are silks from ancient Persia, from Egypt, from Byzantium, and later brocades from Lucca, Spain and Italy. The earliest work in ivory dates from the tenth century, and there are jewels of rock crystal from Lower Egypt which are just as old. The world-famous shrine of the Three Kings dates from the end of the twelfth century, the embroideries and tapestries are Gothic, Renaissance and Baroque. As someone has said, Cologne shows us the history of two thousand years in stone and gold.

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TWO FAMOUS MUNICH CHURCHES

THE landmark of Munich, visible far and wide over the plain and its picturesque symbol known all over the world, is the "Frauenkirche", the Church of Our Lady, with its squat twin pepper-pot towers. It is the Cathedral of Munich and owes its origin to the Benedictine monks of Schäftlarn, who also gave the town its coat of arms and its very name. It began with a dairy farm, the Conradshof, given to the monks of Sendling by Conrad of Dachau, a Count of the House of Wittelsbach, and managed by their serfs. Close to the farm buildings a little chapel was erected, already dedicated to Mary mother, "Our Dear Lady." In 1158, Henry the Lion, the real founder of the city of Munich, caused the chapel to be moved from old Sendling to "Villa Munichia" nearer the river Isar, the site of the present cathedral church, which dates from the 15th century. Its architect, Jörg Gangufer, had previously been sent by the city fathers to study the principal churches of Bavaria. Everywhere he found the great late Gothic churches with open naves and high, pointed towers and according to this model he also intended to build the new cathedral. When the master carpenter handed the town council an estimate for the cost of completing the towers, in 1498, funds were short and the matter was postponed. The two cupolas so famous to-day were probably added after 1520 as a temporary substitute for the more expensive pointed towers. But in the meantime, the Italian Renaissance had come flooding over South Bavaria by way of Augsburg and had changed the popular attitude to architecture. Moreover, the two round-topped towers had gradually become so characteristic of Munich that later no-one really wished to see them replaced by correct Gothic spires. And so the original twin "Lady Towers" remained as they were and became the spiritual and visible symbol of the city of Munich.

In the year 1156, when Duke Henry the Lion continued the road for salt transports from Salzburg by way of Fohring up the valley of the Isar to the monastic settlement that was to become Munich, he found it necessary to build a new castle and church. Since the Church of St. Mary was still under the influence of the Schäftlarn monks, with whom Duke Henry now had a feud,



Church of Our Lady and Market Place
After a 17th Century Engraving

he bestowed his favour upon the little church of St Peter which had been erected by the monks of Tegern Lake at the south-east corner of the town.

There are no traditions to tell of the size or exact appearance of this first St. Peter's. Burned down in the 14th century, it was rebuilt in Gothic style. This single-towered building, parts of which are still preserved, served as model for the St. Peter's of to-day. The details, however, were added under the influence of the Renaissance when the church was restored in the 17th century. The Devil is said to have been so incensed over the solitary spire that one stormy night he attacked it with all his fiends. The doughty spire withstood the attack, however, and in order to protect it for the future, a keeper was appointed whose duty was to commemorate the devil's defeat by a blast of his horn to the glory of the Lord every morning and evening. This legend is the basis of the old Munich folk-song: "As long as on the Peter's Tower old Peter still is seen, As long as through old Munich roll the Isar's waters green, As long as in the Platzl the Hofbräu House shall stand, Good fellowship shall never from Munich hearts be banned."

WEISSENBURG, BAVARIA

KÜBLMEISTER, 5 LITRE BOTTLE

If there were no other reason for visiting Weissenburg, it would be worth while on account of the Open air Theater in the woods, accomodating over 2000 spectators, with a wonderful natural terraced stage and scenery composed of mighty beeches, young pines and bushes. Here in the summer of 1931, performances of Wagner operas are contemplated, of Strauss' "Gipsy Baron," Goethe's "Iphigenia," Schiller's "William Tell" and Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." These woods, immediately adjoining the town, are one of Weissenburg's chief attractions. They are 5000 acres in extent, full of majestic old trees and contain an ancient German sacred grove. For lovers of history and romance, Weissenburg offers a bewildering variety. The town is still partly surrounded by the defensive walls with 31 towers and gates including the famous 15th century Ellinger Tor used by Ludwig Hohlwein as a poster symbol of German romance. The Town Hall is late Gothic, the Marketplace still older, the old streets full of fine half-timbered houses and stately mediæval patrician homes. On the hill above the town is the great Bergfeste Wülzburg, said to have been founded by King Pippin, built as castle-fortress in 1588, with mighty walls of stone, five bastions, a well over 400 feet deep cut in the solid rock and underground dungeons with stalactites. In the fields close to the town are many Roman remains, and under Wülzburg hill the Roman road may still be traced upon which the Burgundians of the Nibelungenlied rode down to the land of the Huns to the death-feast with Chriemhild and Attila.

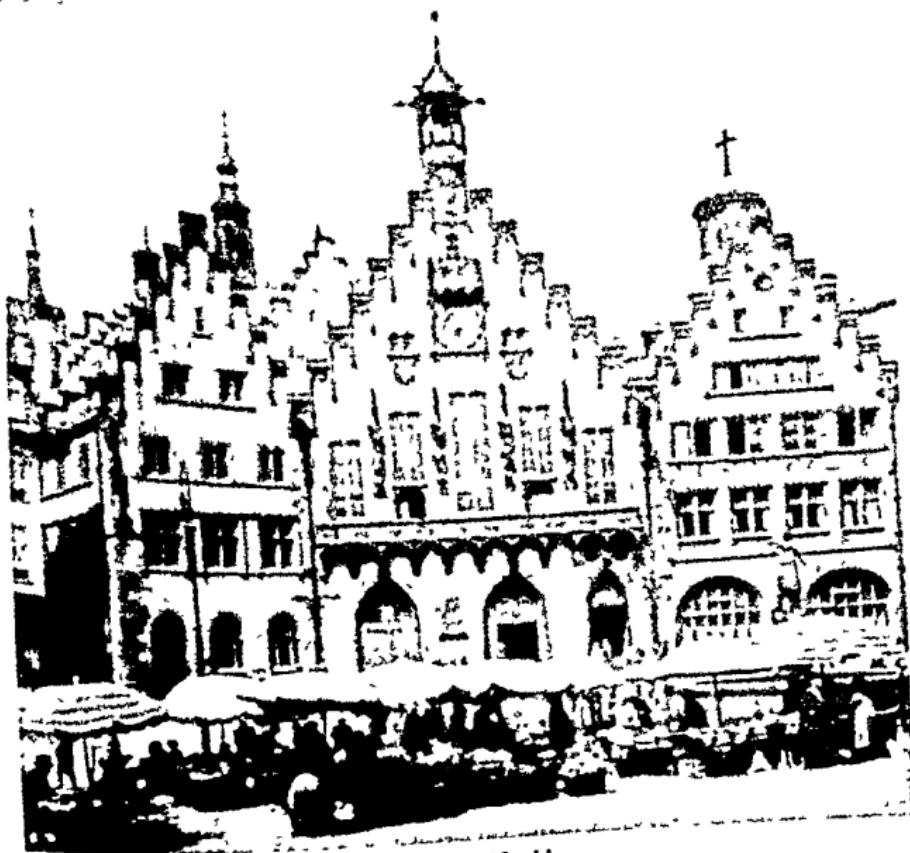


Ellinger Tor

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN

ONCE Frankfort was the seat of a three-fold imperium—royalty, gold and trade. The pride of old German emperors sleeps in the three gabled Römer, the beautiful council-house in whose magnificent Kaisersaal so many German emperors from Charlemagne on, were crowned and feasted. Traces of its mediaval splendour are found all over Frankfort, in churches, towers, ancient streets, quaint squares. After the war of 1870, in the great days of the Rothschilds, Frankfort held for a time the empery of gold, and was the mistress of the international money market. Now it seeks to hold its own in trade with the international fair, held twice a year. But Frankfort's undying claim to fame in the hearts of all Germans and many foreigners will remain the fact that it was Goethe's birthplace. Next year, 1932, great celebrations are planned, it being the centenary of Goethe's death. In March, the enlarged Goethe Museum will be opened, at the end of May, the "Welt Akademie" meets to discuss Goethe's influence on European culture. June 11-14, International Socialist Congress. July 23-27, Festival of German Singing Societies, on Goethe's birthday, August 28, great festival in the Goethe House and presentation of the Goethe prize of the city of Frankfort. Exhibitions of painting in Goethe's age, Frankfort as it was in Goethe's time and many other celebrations are planned or in course of preparation.

Yet in spite of all the romance and historical interest that surround it, Frankfort is an intensely modern town. Its citizens used their wealth to patronize arts and sciences. Frankfort University, which unites all the scientific institutes of the city and is considered one of the finest in Germany, is supported entirely by private endowments. In collaboration with the well-known chemical works, Ehrlich discovered Salvarsan in a Frankfort laboratory. The hospitals and clinics have an international reputation and the three world-famous health resorts Wiesbaden, Homburg and Nauheim are all within a short distance of Frankfort. The Taunus Mountains, the Vogelsberg and the Spessart, all in the neighbourhood of Frankfort, give it its mild climate and healthy air. The Main, flowing broadly past the walls of Frankfort, gives the traveller approach-



Town-Hall

ing by train a fleeting vision of likeness to London, and Frankfort also has much traffic upon the waters. In ancient days the most famous bridge across the Main was at Frankfort which thus connected North and South Germany and as the great trade routes of the Middle Ages intersected here, the city was in a sense, the commercial centre of Europe. To-day its main railway station, with its five huge entrances, is the second largest terminus in Germany, and all railway lines crossing Central Europe, from Southern Italy to Finland, from Spain to Russia, run into this station. Thus Frankfort has become a natural landing-place for European air services. It was in Frankfort, in 1848, that the first German parliament was convened and the united German democratic republic proclaimed. The colours of this parliament, black, red and gold, float over the revived German republic of to-day.



An Economic and Cultural Centre of the Rhineland

MAINZ

BEAUTIFUL buildings that bear eloquent witness to the glorious vitality of art in Mainz in olden days confront us on every side. The great masses of the venerable cathedral rise majestically above the roofs, a history of art in stone and at the same time a memorial of the city's changing destinies. In other parts of the town we find numerous fine churches ranging from mediaeval Gothic to 18th century Baroque. Old patrician mansions proclaim a citizenry which was proud of its civic rights, and pompous palaces of the nobility remind us of the brilliant days of Mainz under the Elector in the 18th century. Mainz offers many a picturesque bit of city architecture to tempt the artist and the amateur photographer. There are world-famous museums and art collections (Antique-Germanic Central Museum, Municipal Museum of Ancient Art and Picture Gallery, Museum of Natural History, Gutenberg Museum with Numismatic Cabinet, Cathedral Museum).

The name of the town is indissolubly connected with that of Gutenberg, the immortal inventor of the art of book-printing. That blessing which no former epoch of civilization had been

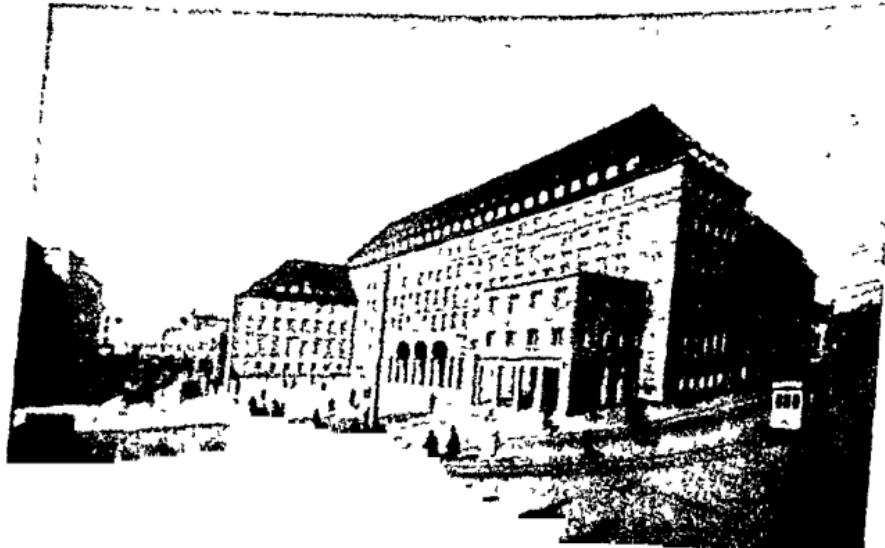
able to confer upon mankind, the rapid reproduction of the written word, was realized in Mainz. Here the man of genius was born who was to achieve this wonder. Here the first clumsy great printing presses began to rost in the year 1445, here the mighty early works came into being which are still unequalled for beauty and comparative quality. From here the new art went forth to its irresistible conquest of the world!

Mainz keeps faithful ward over its great inheritance as first and oldest city of printing in the world. It honours Gutenberg's memory by enlarging the museum which bears his name and which is devoted to memories of his person, his work and the demonstration of the enormous development, spread and incommensurable importance of his invention. Among the treasures of the museum are specimens dating from the earliest days of the printing art, original documents of Gutenberg's life, the small fragment which represents the very first piece of printing which has been preserved, the "Mainzer Fragment vom Weltgericht", an early Donat print, a volume of the forty-two-line Bible, printings from the Catholicon type (1460), the Fust-Schöffer Psalter of 1459, the forty-eight line Bible (1462), etc etc. Mainz has begun work on an extension of the museum in accordance with its ultimate end, the creation of a World Museum of Printing, a mighty "Temple of the Letter" in which humanity should gratefully and reverently do honour to the immortal master as one of its greatest benefactors.

Golden Mainz with its manifold industries, commerce, business houses and so on, is also a main centre of economic life in the Rhine-Main territory. At the same time it has grown to be a beautiful residential city on the Rhine which combines the many pleasant aspects peculiar to a town on the Rhine with its lovely landscapes, with many useful institutions. We would call especial attention to the excellent schools, to the High School of Music, the School of Women's Work, the School of Arts and Crafts as well as the Pedagogic Institute and the newly-founded Institute for National Pedagogy.

Mainz can not only boast of a distinguished past, but thanks to its favourable natural situation, it is a centre of commerce and traffic. Mainz is the beginning and also the final station of Rhine travel, a junction of international railway lines and a specially good centre for those intending to tour the Rhine or tramp along its banks. Most convenient and speedy connections with the great Rhine centres and resorts.

For all information kindly apply to the Oberburgermeister.

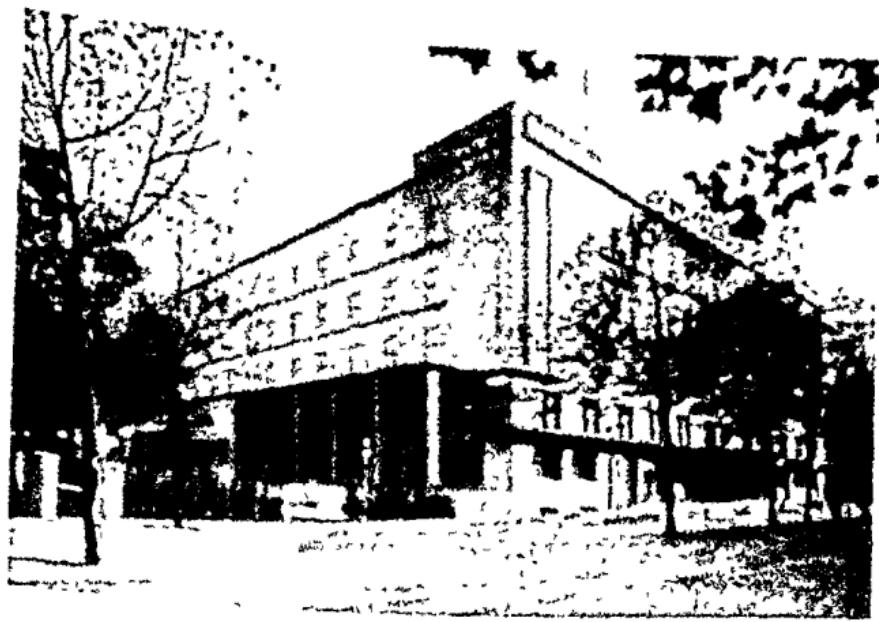


Town Hall

BOCHUM

BOCHUM, whose history reaches back a thousand years, is the focal point of the Ruhr Territory, Germany's greatest centre of industry. In the last 80 years it has developed into a great modern city with 320,000 inhabitants. It is an ideal spot in which to study the economic and cultural conditions of life in the economic heart of Germany, and has been visited for this purpose by many foreign study groups in recent years.

The mighty pulse of Bochum's industrial life manifests itself in gigantic coal, iron and steel works. As a coal town it can boast of the most modern mining plant, the finest mining school in Europe, the largest insurance concern in the world (the "Ruhr-knappschaft," or coal-miners' insurance union) and the most comprehensive miner's organisation on the continent, the Verband der Bergbauindustriearbeiter Deutschlands. Bochum is full of world-famous manufacturing concerns, iron and steel works, the most modern pipe rolling mills in Germany; machines, motors and chemicals are all made here. Bochum has great commercial significance and the mixture of commerce and



Hotel 'Rechen

manufactures have made it an important centre of West German traffic.

In spite of its industrial prominence, Bochum is one of the cleanest and pleasantest cities of the Ruhr district. Churches and other public buildings, dwelling-houses and new suburbs proclaim a most modern and original will to architecture, and the city is dotted with large parks, surrounded by a girdle of green and in the immediate neighbourhood of fine woods.

Bochum's lively cultural and intellectual activities well entitle it to its leading position among the cities of the Ruhr. The municipal theatre ranks among Germany's leading theatres and the municipal orchestra has been called the best trained in all West Germany. Bochum's picture gallery attracts many visitors, as also the Heimat museum (natural history and arts and crafts) and two industrial museums, the Mining museum and the Geological museum. High schools and trade-and specialised schools there are in plenty and numerous sport and playgrounds are scattered about the town. New and very modern hotels are prepared to cater to the visitor's every wish.

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WILDUNGEN SPA

WILDUNGEN is easily reached from Cassel in an hour and a half and from Frankfort-on-Main in three and a half hours. Its altitude is about 1000 feet above sea-level and the district of which it forms the centre possesses unusual natural charm. It is a very healthy part of the country with no factories whatever — From the station the road leads to the baths through the picturesque old town, with its imposing Gothic church, containing the tomb-stones of the Counts of Waldeck and a famous altarpiece dating from the 13th century, by Master Conrad of Soest. Wildungen is the quietest and most peaceful of spas. The two best hotels are the Bath-Hotel, in lovely grounds, and the Fürstenhof. When you leave the hotel and enter the gardens, you may find yourself in the stream of visitors and cure-seekers on their way to or from the springs or the big café near the waters and the bandstand but should you wish to escape from them, you have only to turn to

the right or ta' th' left, and in a couple of minutes you can lose yourself in the woods. Wildungen is often called the spa in the woods.

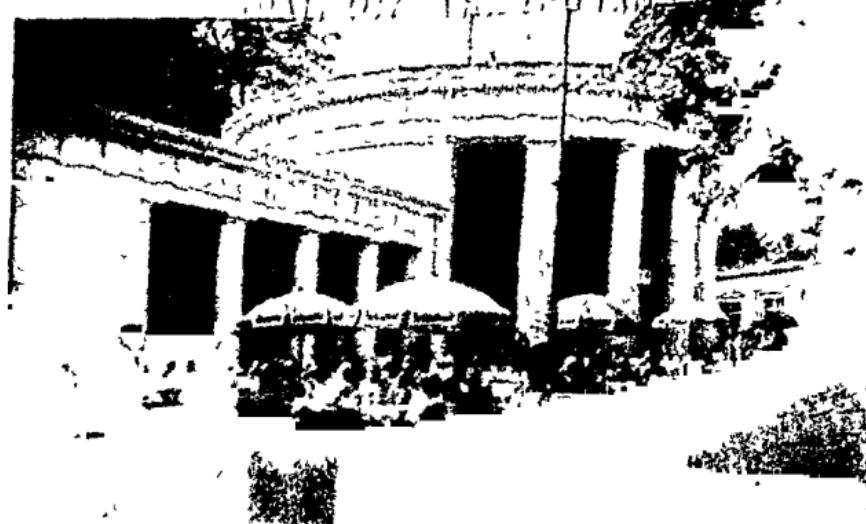
Of the 23,000 visitors, who come during the short season, April to October, the greater part wish to take the cure. The Helen and George-Victor Springs and the other springs have now a world-wide reputation for the treatment of some of humanity's most painful diseases, those that affect the kidneys and bladder and all manner of sufferers from stone, gout, gravel, Bright's disease, etc., come from various countries to consult the specialists who practise here and to undergo the cure. You see very few real invalids, very little sign of illness, yet every big hotel has its special cure diet menu for those who cannot take ordinary food. Many busy folk, statesmen among them, come to Wildungen and live there in one of the great hotels, as did in former times many of the kings and queens of Europe.

The bath-houses which are in the Bath-Hotel and the Fürstenhof, are modern, and fitted with steam and hot air, electric light, fango and other baths with massage rooms and every modern novelty that ingenuity has devised.

The dominant note in Wildungen is gaiety. A good theatrical company and a good orchestra, which plays three times a day take care that the guests are enlivened. If you are minded to play golf, there are the links, which are among the best in Europe. They afford a good view of the town and the Hessian mountains, they lie high on land which is very largely covered with heather and there are pine woods near by. If you desire tennis rather than golf, or fishing rather than tennis, or a long woodland ramble rather than any of these, everything awaits you and the air has an exceedingly stimulating quality, probably due to the number of pines in the vicinity. In the evening you can dance, or go to a play or hear an opera. In fact everything is done for the comfort of the guests. There are many journeys by motor car to be taken in the neighbourhood, all through very beautiful country. You can visit the Edersee, a wonderful lake, 15 miles long. It offers firstclass fishing and is served by motor launches. A clever engineering feat has harnessed the full force of the water for the service of turbines, and the country for 50 miles round is lighted by electricity. The lake is surrounded by many hills and there is a mediæval castle that is also worth a visit, the castle of Waldeck, which is visible all over the lake. It is the ancestral castle of the Princes of Waldeck, from which the land took its name.

An excursion to Fritzlar is also highly recommended, to visit the Dom with its tremendous gold treasures, full of memories of the ancient Romans and St Boniface.

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The Elisen Fountain in Aachen

AACHEN (AIX LA CHAPELLE)

The German Spa with the hottest springs in Central Europe

AIX LA CHAPELLE, renowned even in ancient Rome for its hot sulphur-springs, under the reign of Charlemagne became the centre of European History. The Palatine Chapel of Charlemagne now represents the centre of the wonderful old cathedral in which thirty-two German sovereigns were crowned. Aachen's fame as a Spa for the cure of gout, rheumatism, sciatica and nervous complaints has at all times attracted international society. The air of Aachen is mild, the climate tonic and equable in winter. Expansive parks and woods, first-rate sporting-grounds, a Stadium in the midst of the woods an 18-hole Golf course, Tennis-burdcourts and model riding-grounds for the world-famous international equestrian competitions tend to make Aachen one of the most ideal and exclusive health-resorts on the Continent. Most conveniently the town is Junction and Central Station for all through-trains Paris — Brussels — Cologne, and London — Brussels — Cologne (Pulman-Express). From Aachen the railway-connections to all neighbouring countries Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and France, are very convenient, quite apart from its being the gateway to the Rhineland.





W I L D B A D

FOR six centuries, Wildbad — buried in the profoundest depths of the Black Forest—has been famous. Even its hotels are world-renowned. Thousands come here year by year for repose or recreation. Still this enchanting retreat preserves its seclusion and rustic peacefulness.

For Nature has enclosed this narrow valley within precipitous slopes. Congestion is impossible. Every house is hidden in the deep shade of overarching trees within the sound of the murmuring brook. Wildbad can never be noisy—there is no room for a highroad. The guide books say the bath is 430 metres above sea-level but by taking the funicular, one may mount the hill-sides to the hotels on the Sommerberg 530 and 750 metres high respectively.

Many come here too to regain health from the healing power of the hot springs, famed for their efficacy in the cure of chronic rheumatism, gout and nervous disorders. The medicinal baths are equipped with every appliance known to modern science. Others come to Wildbad because it is a trout-fishers' paradise.

Though this bewitching spot can be reached by train direct from Berlin or Frankfort, the ideal approach is by car from Pforzheim or Baden-Baden through scenery sometimes charmingly quaint, always consistently fascinating.



Überlingen on Lake Constance

THE GERMAN "HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP"

THE "Feriengemeinschaft" is the German counterpart of the English Holiday Fellowship. It has two Guest Houses in Germany—one in the Rhineland and the other on Lake Constance.

The society was founded in 1927 by Dr. Hans Becker, and has grown very rapidly. Its purpose is to make travel and acquaintance with foreign countries and their people easy and pleasant for those who are neither young nor active enough to care for the tramping and roughing it which the holiday leagues of youth are expected to put up with. The idea is to bring British, Irish and German people together so that during their holidays they may really get into touch with the life of the country visited and have deeper and fuller possibilities of holiday enjoyment than are provided for by the usual superficial commercial tour programmes.

The Society was founded and continues to exist on an ideal rather than a commercial basis, and thus it is possible for the Guest Houses to offer first class board and accommodation at exceedingly moderate prices. It is impossible here to enter into details, but Dr. Hans Becker, Köln-Deutz, (Cologne). An der Bastion II, will be delighted to send an illustrated prospectus to all enquirers.

The first Guest House of the "Feriengemeinschaft" was opened at Diez, a picturesque little German town on the Lahn, one of the most beautiful tributaries of the Rhine. The neighbourhood is lovely, the Rhine within easy reach, and excursions can easily be made along the Rhine valley and the shores of the Lahn. Other beauty spots within reach are the Taunus and the wild and romantic Westerwald. The countryside is rich in castles and fine cathedral churches. Not far from Diez is Wetzlar, with its memories of Goethe.

The second centre is at Ueberlingen on Lake Constance. This is an old mediaeval town with towers and gateways, well-preserved ramparts, a renowned Gothic minster and old-fashioned, picturesque streets. It is about 1300 feet above sea-level and on account of its wonderful climate and the southern character of the vegetation, is sometimes called the "German Nice on the Swabian Sea." Guests at Ueberlingen visit the most interesting spots around the Lake of Constance and are within easy reach of Switzerland and Tyrol and not far from the Black Forest. Many letters and enthusiastic newspaper articles which have reached the "Feriengemeinschaft" since its foundation testify to the success of the idea and its growing popularity, and prove that the guests have not only enjoyed themselves but also profited educationally and culturally by their visit as well as contributing by friendly intercourse with foreign holiday-makers to that international understanding which we all have so much at heart.

WHO'S WHO OF THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS BOOKLET

Hans Becker, Dr phil., born 1887, studied modern languages. After numerous tramping trips through England and Scotland, he has devoted his free time since 1927 to the furthering of the Feriengemeinschaft (German Holiday Fellowship).

Johannes Bieble, originally a teacher, then conductor and director of church music, later professor of music, established at the Technical High School of Berlin as Professor of Acoustics, Church Architecture and the Organ, head of a Research Institute devoted to these subjects.

Bertolt Brecht, born 1898, modern German dramatist. First published work "Trommeln in der Nacht," (1920), followed by "Baal," "Im Dicke der Stadt," "Mann ist Mann," "Dreigroschenoper," "Heilige Johanna der Schlachthöfe" Exponent of the "epic drama," founder of the "Lehrstück" or instructive play.

Christian Dolfen, Dean of Osnabrück Cathedral, Archivist of the diocese of Osnabrück and the Cathedral chapter, conservator of the Diocesan Museum. Has published works on the mediaeval art of Osnabrück.

Max von Eyth, born 1836, emigrated to England as technician in 1861. In the service of the firm of Fowler till 1882, he introduced the steam plough into Europe, Africa and America. After a visit to the Royal Agricultural Society's show in 1882, he resolved to found a similar organisation in Germany after the English model. He thereupon founded the Deutsche Landwirtschafts Gesellschaft in Bonn. Eyth was the author of a number of technical and historical romances.

Werner Friedler, born 1899, studied philosophy, Germanistics and the history of art at Berlin University. 1920 editor-in-chief of the magazine "Deutsche Rundschau." Now literary editor of the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," Berlin.

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Margaret Goldsmith, author, journalist, translator, born Milwaukee, Wisconsin, prep education in Berlin; M A 1917, University of Illinois; economic work for many years in Paris, Washington and Berlin. Author of biographies of Frederick the Great, Hindenburg (with her husband, F. A. Voigt) and Zeppelin and the novels "Patience geht vorüber" and others.

Asmus Hansen, Dipl. Ing., published the essay "Above the Clouds" (s. p. 93) in the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" of 19. 2. 1931.

Hugo Hickmann, Professor, D. D. hon. degree born 1877. Studied theology and is now professor at a state college in Leipzig. During the war he took an active part in the International committee of prisoners of war; since 1918 a leader in numerous church- and political organisations; Vice-president of the Saxon Diet and of the Lutheran General Council.

Cuthbert Hicks, English airmail poet. His poem was translated by Dr. Peter Dufy and printed in the German anthology "Das Heile Lied von Ilse". Here it was found by the young German composer Fritz Klingner.

Ernst Jaecht, born 1873. Professor. Dr. phil. President of the German High School of Politics. Delegate to Versailles, Geneva, Locarno. Founder of German League for League of Nations (1918) German High School of Politics (1920) International Peace Academy (1929). Author of "Kinderen-Wächter, Staatsmann und Mensch" (1921), "The New Germany" (1926), "Deutschland, das Herz Europas" (1928) "Amerika und wir" (1929), "Politik als Wissenschaft" (1930) etc.

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Fritz Klingner. See Cuthbert Hicks

Franz Langheinrich, born 1864, for nearly 25 years (till 1921) co-editor of and contributor to the Munich magazine "Jugend". His works are collected in two volumes "An das Leben" and "Gedichte". Author of many short stories, essays and topical poems.

Louis P. Lochner, born 1887, correspondent for American newspapers in Germany since 1921, and chief of the Berlin Bureau of the Associated Press of America since 1928. For three terms (1928/30) president of the Foreign Press Association of Berlin.

Lotte Matschoss, studied in German schools for women, then at the universities of Berlin and Munich. Exchange student in America 1928, 1929-31 Instruction consulting expert to the Reissensteiner Verband für wirtschaftliche Frauenschulen auf dem Lande

Morison, G H - British Publicist.

Johann N. Müllershausen, Dr. jur. City councillor, born 1886 as son of a Bremen merchant. Studied in Heidelberg, Berlin, Leipzig. Travelled in Eastern Asia and America. Financial consultant to Bremen Senate. Empowered to the Reichsrat Publicist for financial and economic questions.

Ernst Nadolny, born 1875 Barrister from 1901 to 1910 1911-1919 organiser and director of the movement for small country dwellings in East Prussia. Since 1919 head of the East Prussia Home Union for municipal home-building and country settlements. Since 1926 chairman of the Administrative Council of the National League of German Societies for the Provision of Dwellings

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Hans Dohlmann, Studienrat, born in Schwerin (Mecklenburg-Strelitz). A "single-track" man, whose one theme is Mecklenburg, the

least known country in the world. He writes for German and foreign newspapers and magazines and gives wireless talks, but only about his beloved home county.

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, writer and translator. Born in London, married in 1912 to the Californian author Herman George Scheffauer, has published two books of verse 1921-23, German literary correspondent to "Bookman," New York Contributor to English and American magazines

Sempill, Colonel The Master of, Hon William Francis, born 1893. Educ. Eton. Flight Commander, 1915 Promoted to Colonel, April 1918 Representative of the Air Ministry on many committees Chairman of Royal Aeronautical Society 1926-27, 1927-1928 Pres Royal Aeronautical Society 1928-29 and 1929-30 Fellow of Royal Aeronautical Society, 1930 Member of Executive Committee of Navy League and Air League Author of "Wanderings along a Future Commercial Air Route," "The British Aviation Mission to the Imperial Japanese Navy," "Aero Engine Fuel of To-day and To-morrow"

Leonard Ashley Willoughby, M A, D Litt, Ph D, born in England in 1885, educated in England, France and Germany, studied in London, Vienna, Bonn, was English Lector in Cologne, Lecturer in German at Oxford and Sheffield, Professor of German at Manchester University and (from October 1931) at University College, London. Author of critical works and articles on German philology and literature

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The entire translation of this book with the exception of the essays on pages 17, 74, 93, 100, 101, 132, 139, 151, 153, 156 159 163, 164, 166, 170, 179 198, 200 which we received in English was done by Mrs Herman George Scheffauer (Ethel Talbot Scheffauer)

The essays on pages 53, 92, 105, 117, 134 145 152, 154, 157, 160, 180, 201 were translated by Mr G H Morison

The translators have made entirely free renderings, sometimes new versions of the German text, and we wish to express our grateful thanks for their valuable help

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